A Looking-Glaſs FOR CHILDREN.

Being a *Narrative* of God's gracious Dealings with ſome Little Children; Recollected by *Henry Jeſſey* in his life-time.

Together with ſundry ſeaſonable Leſſons and Inſtructions to Youth, calling them early to remember their Creator: Written by *Abr. Chear*, late of *Plymouth*.

The Third Edition, Corrected and Amended.

To which is added many other Poems very ſuitable. As alſo ſome Elegies on departed Friends: made by the ſaid *Abraham Chear*.

All now faithfully gathered together, for the benefit of Young and Old: by *H. P.*

Pſal. 66. 16. *Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my Soul.*

Deut. 31. 19. *Now therefore write ye this Song for you, and teach it the Children of Iſrael; put it in their mouths, that this Song may be a witneſs for me, &c.*

London, Printed for *Robert Boulter*, at the *Turks Head* in *Cornhil*, 1673.

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To the Reader.

THou haſt here (gentle Reader) brought to thy view, in the firſt part of this Book, a Narrative *of the gracious dealings of God with ſeveral Children, and what they gained in an early looking Heaven-ward, in which thou mayeſt ſee and behold the condeſcention of the Lord to ſuch little Ones, in opening their underſtanding, and giving them a ſight and ſenſe of their undone eſtate by nature, from whence they were made to ſeek and enquire after a* Saviour, *and by Grace helped to apply and improve his gracious Calls and Invitations to a full ſatisfaction in, and by Faith a cleaving to His undertakings, as the alone way and means to Salvation, to their great comfort here and firm hope of glory hereafter. All which was wonderfully effected, to the praiſe of the free Grace of God, and admiration of Relations and Beholders; and now preſented to thee, being firſt written by that faithful Servant of the*

Lord, Mr. Henry Jeſſey; *who in his life time gave it me to tranſcribe, in order for the then Printing: But it being ſmall, I waited to have ſomewhat to adjoyn to it, which Providence hath lately brought to my hand as that which is worthy of publication, being the Fruit of ſome idle hours of that Servant of the Lord Mr.* Abraham Chear, *whilſt in bonds for the truth of Chriſt; wherein he expreſſes his well-wiſhes to the Souls of divers poor Children, towards whom he then ſtood nearly related, and dearly affected, as by the ſecond Part hereof you may largely ſee: and if helped of God to make improvement of it, ſo as carefully to mind, and heedfully to walk in the practice of what is ſeaſonably adviſed in the ſaid Diſcourſe; you will have great cauſe to bleſs the Lord for ſuch endeavours, now publiſhed for your profit and advantage.*

The Motive provoking me thus to recollect this little Book, is chiefly from conſideration of my daily obſervation of Youths great need of all endeavous to prompt them to that which is good, they being naturally addicted to be drawn away through their own inclinations, and the powerful prevalency of Satan to ſin *and* diſobedience; *by which they wrong their precious Souls,* Prov. 8. 36. *thereby incurring Gods diſpleaſure to their daily hardning their hearts from his*

fear,

fear, and following the ſins and pleaſures of this vain World, until they are prepared as Veſſels of wrath fitted for Deſtruction and Perdition; which is the certain effect of Sin *ruling and reigning without reſtraint in the hearts of the Children of Diſobedience*, Col. 3. 6. *Which evil and judgment may be timely prevented, by hearkning to Gods Call*, Prov. 9. 6. *ſeeking and ſerving him betimes*, Prov. 8. 17. *believing his Word, avoiding evil company*, Prov. 4. 15, 16. *ſlighting the allurements of preſent pleaſure, and the ſinful delights of the fleſh, and by making good men examples to walk after*, Prov. 2. 20. Heb. 6. 12. 2 Chron. 29. 2. *and therein eſteeming and highly prizing the excellency of the Lord Jeſus, in all his glorious undertakings for poor ſinners*, Phil. 3. 8. *cleaving to his Righteouſneſs only for Juſtification and Salvation*, 1 Cor. 1. 30. *Which Mercy is greatly deſired may accompany the Reader of this little Piece, whereby he may ſay it was worth peruſing, for that by it the Lord made him to conſider his latter end, and remember him in the dayes of his Youth, ſo as to make his Calling and Election ſure, as did theſe pretty Children. That being my aim and end in the publiſhing hereof, I ſhall daily wait for its ſucceſs, and remain yours,*

In true deſires after your
Eternal happineſs. H. P.

Go little Book, *and speak for them that be*
Lanch'd with great safety to Eternity;
Engaging Others, *by what* they *did find,*
Their *everlasting Peace chiefly to mind.*
Their names are blest, and had in memory;
They served God, and thence in peace did die.

All you that read, be earnest to obtain
True faith in Christ, which will be lasting gain.
And if, while young, God do his Work begin
Upon your Soul, take heed, beware of sin;
It will prove to your Crown another day,
To cleave to Righteousness, whilst yet you may.
Proceed in fear, in love, with true delight,
Unto the Lord, to serve him with your might,
Observe the Lessons given by Abram Chear,
That they your Soul may unto Christ endear.
Such Songs are good, if well improved be,
Sung by experience, with Soul harmony.
The Truths therein inserted, make your own,
By practice in true love to Christ alone:
Mind chiefly now your everlasting Rest,
That in compare with all things is the best.
Love God, and fear him in sincerity,
So shall you praise him to Eternity.

London, 12th Month, 12 day, 1672. *H. P.*

Of

Of hopeful young Children, (the great joy of their Parents,) remembring their Creator in the dayes of their Youth; Being trained up in the Holy Scriptures from their Infancy.

First, Of Mary Warren, *Born in* May 1651, *Aged Ten years in* May 1661.

WHen his Child was about five or six years old, ſhe had a new plain Tammy Coat; and when ſhe was made ready, was to be carried with other Children into *Moreſields*: But having looked upon her Coat, how fine ſhe was, ſhe preſently went to her Chair, ſate down, her tears running down her eyes, ſhe wept ſeriouſly by her ſelf; Her Mother ſeeing it, ſaid to her, How now? Are you not well? What is the matter that you weep? The Child anſwered, *Yes, I am well, but I would I had not been made ready, for I am afraid my fine Cloaths will caſt me down to Hell.* Her Mother ſaid, It's not our Cloaths, but wicked Hearts that hurt us. She anſwered, *Aye Mother, fine Cloaths make our hearts proud.*

The Scriptures being daily read in the Houſe, when one had read *Luke* 10. ſhe laid to heart the end of the Chapter, how

Mary ſate at Chriſts feet and heard him: *And* Martha *complained*; *and Jeſus ſaid*, Martha, Martha, *Thou art careful, and cumbred about many things*; *but one thing is needful*, Mary *hath choſen that good part that ſhall not be taken from her.* Hearing this, the tears ran down, and ſhe wept ſore. Being asked the cauſe, ſhe ſaid, *I am not like this good* Mary, *I know not that one thing needful.* Thus tender was her heart at that Age.

In *February* 1659.

The Night after General *Monck* had ſent his Leter to the Parliament to put an end to their ſitting by ſuch a time; Bonefires being made the night following all over *London*, and ſome before her Fathers door: When ſome went down to ſee them, this Child would not: But going to the Window, and looking out, hearing ſuch roaring and rantings in the burning of Rumps, and drinking of Healths there; ſhe came back, and the tears running down her cheeks, ſhe ſaid thus, *Here is a deal of wicked joy, they know not but they may be dead before the morning*; *methinks I ſee our ſins fly up to Heaven as faſt as the ſparks fly upward.*

This that next follows, was written about October 28. 1661.

It being 24 days now that ſhe had taken nothing but Water, with a little Sugar,

gar, till *Tueſday* laſt; and ever ſince that, ſhe will not take it with Sugar, but water only, without crying out, (her ſpeech being of late taken away from her) and that by forcing it into her by a Syringe, ſhe having an impoſtume in her ſtomach, as it appeared afterwards, not taking Food at all for divers dayes.

What next follows was written by her father, on Friday night, Octob. 4. 1661.

She ſent for me to ſpeak with me, and when I came, I asked her what ſhe would have with me: She anſwered *I have but a ſhort time to live, I pray you be loving to my poor Mother.* Afterwards he ſpeaking of loving her, ſhe ſaid, *I pray manifeſt your love to my poor Mother.* Her Mother asked her if ſhe were willing to die? She anſwered *Aye, very willing, for then I ſhall ſin no more, for I know that Chriſts Blood hath made ſatisfaction for my ſins.* I asked her, if I ſhould go down? She anſwered, *I have done with you now, you may if you pleaſe.*

Next night, *Octob.* the 5*th.* her Mother going ſoftly to the Chamber-door, ſhe heard her ſpeaking alone, and ſhe liſtned, and heard her ſay this, *Come Lord Jeſus, come quickly, & receive thy poor Creature out of all my pains.*

On the Lords Day, (*Octob. 6.*) ſhe ſaid thus, *here is n thing here but ſin, I am willing*

ling to die, but either to live or to die, which the Lord pleaseth, his Will be done, and so it will, whether I will or no.

On Tuesday at night, Octob. 8.

Seeing her Mother weeping, she said, *Mother do not weep for me, but leave me to the Lord and let him do with me what he pleaseth.* And then Clasping her Arms about her Mothers Neck, her Mother said, Thou embracest me, but I trust thou art going to the embracings of the Lord Jesus: She answered, *Mother, I know it, that when I go from hence, I shall go into health and happiness, or else I should not undergo all my pains with so much patience,* (she having been in very great pain, having an Imposthume in her stomack.) One day when Nurse came to see her young Sister *Sarah*, her Sister Ann being with her, she said to her Sister, *Go, see Nurse*: Her Sister said, she was loath to leave her alone; She answered, *I am not alone, for the Lord is with me,* as it is in *John, I am not alone, for the Father is with me.* She feeling a sore pain in her side, her Mother said, she would apply something to it. She answered, *No, the Lord Jesus hath undergone a great deal more for me.*

More Expressions of Mary Warren.

She having been very ill and speechless for some dayes, her Father had desired Mr.

John

John Simpſon, and Mr. *Palmer*, late of *Gloceſterſhire*, and Mr. *Jeſſey*, to come to his Houſe and pray for his ſick and much pained Daughter. On Friday *Novemb.* 8. 1661. theſe met then, and ſought the Lord earneſtly on her behalf, her father having firſt declared to them his Daughters afflicted Condition; and the more to affect them therewith, he there read to them, what he had formerly written of her gracious *Expreſſions*, (thoſe before recited) from *Octob.* 4. 1661. there being preſent alſo Mr. *Greenſmith* and his Wife; alſo that grave Matron Mris. *Adkins*, a Miniſters Widow; with divers other Chriſtian friends.

That Relation the more affecting their hearts to pray for her; After theſe and another Miniſter had prayed for her, and were gone, in hopes the Lord would ſome way return a gracious Anſwer, though they could ſee nothing at their departure: It pleaſed the Lord the Evening following to open her Mouth that had been ſpeechleſs for many dayes; then ſhe ſpake to the Maid to call her Mother, and when ſhe came, ſhe ſaid thus;

Pray you Mother take off theſe Plaiſters, for I would not have them; I would have no Doctors, or Apothecaries for God ſhall be my Phyſician, and he will heal me: If I could have

ſpoken

ſpoken before theſe Playſters were a laying on, I would not have had them laid on. If my Speech ſhould be taken away again, do not trouble me with any more things, for the Lord hath fed me with the Food of Righteouſneſs and Gladneſs.

Sometimes when you laid Victuals upon a Trencher, I ſnatcht it away; I would not deſtroy Gods good Creatures, when I am in my fits: If any thing lye on the Cloth before me, take it away. Though you take water to waſh my mouth, there is none goeth down, for I have no nouriſhment by any thing but God, no more than by this Rag, (taking one in her hand.)

I do not value the things of this World no more than dirt. Her Mother had told one, that ſhe thought her Daughter had aſſaults of Satan, ſhe once looked very gaſhly: And now her Daughter ſaid thus; *Once I think I looked gaſhfully, and turned my head on one ſide and on the other; Satan ſtood upon my left ſide, and God was upon my right ſide, and opened the gates of Heaven for me; and he told me, Satan ſhould not hurt me, though he ſought to devour me like a roaring Lion.*

Something being burning that gave her offence, ſhe ſaid, *I perceive you burn ſomething; but do not trouble me; for I cannot ſmell. I am very ſore, from the crown of my head to the ſole of my foot; but I am ſo full of*

Comfort

Comfort and joy that I do feel but little of my pain; I do not know whether I ſhall live or die but whether I live or die, it will be well for me; I am not in trouble for my ſins, God is ſatisfied with his Son Jeſus Chriſt, for he hath waſht them away with his Blood.

Another time when ſhe had been ſpeechleſs, and began to ſpeak, ſhe ſaid, *I have been ſo full of joy and gladneſs, when I was ſilent; I am not able to expreſs it.*

When her Mother ſyringed her Mouth with water, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not reliſh it, but deſired to try a Syringe of Beer; which when ſhe had, ſhe ſaid, *it reliſhed worſe than the Water*: then ſhe deſired a Syringe of Milk; which when ſhe had it, ſhe ſaid, *I cannot reliſh any thing*: *But* (ſaid ſhe) *I will wait upon the Lord to ſee what he will provide for me.*

Then her Siſter ſtanding by, ſhe ſaid, Siſter Betty, *and* Siſter Ann, *be ſure your firſt Work be in the morning to ſeek the Lord by Prayer, and likewiſe in the evening; and give thanks for your Food: for you cannot pray too often to the Lord; and though you cannot ſpeak ſuch words as others have; yet the Lord will accept of the heart: for you do not know how ſoon your ſpeech may be taken away as mine was.*

She deſired her Mother, thus; *Do not let too much company be here late at night, leſt it ſhould hinder them from ſeeking the Lord in duty at home.*

She

She ſaid further, *When I was firſt ill, and went about the Houſe, I was not under trouble for my ſins at all, neither am I now troubled with Satans temptations, for the Lord hath trampled him under his feet.*

She ſaid alſo, *When I can hear or underſtand, I will tell ſome body, that they may come and read by me, for I love to hear the Word of God read to me,* (for then ſhe could not hear).

Another time.

She ſpake to the maid to call her Mother, ſaying, *I have ſomething to ſay to her*; and when her Mother came, ſhe ſaid, *If my ſpeech be taken away, and ſhould be a great while ſo, that then I may have no Doctor, Apothecary, or Chirurgion come at me; and that I may not have any more Phyſick given to me: and be ſure to take notice of my words; for they look more at the Phyſick, than at the Power of God; and if you ſuffer them to give me any more things the Lord will be angry with you, and will bring a greater affliction upon you in ſome of my other Siſters. I know the Lord can open the paſſage of my Throat in a moment, and cauſe me to take food; or he may let me lie a great while in this condition; As for waſhing my mouth with water, I find no more, but only to waſh the phlegm.*

But I am fed with the bread of Life, that I ſhall never hunger; and do drink of the water,

of

of Life, that I ſhall never thirſt more.

I know not whether I ſhall live or die; but if I die, and if you will have a Sermon, I deſire this may be the Text; the place I do not know, but the words may be comfortable to you; That *David*, when his Child was ſick, he cloathed himſelf in Sackcloth, and wept; but when his Child was dead, he waſhed and ate Bread: *For you have wept much, while I have been ſick; and if I die, you have cauſe to rejoyce.*

She ſaid, *My ſoul alſo was ſo full of comfort, that I would have ſpoken much more*: But her ſpeech being almoſt gone, ſhe ſaid, *If it pleaſe the Lord that I might have my hearing and my ſpeech, (which would be a great miracle) I ſhould ſpeak much more.*

Novemb. 10. On the Lords day, ſhe ſaid as follows; When her Mother had ſyring'd ſeveral things into her mouth; as firſt water, which ſhe not reliſhing, then water and vinegar, then vinegar and Sugar, then milk, and none did reliſh with her, ſhe ſaid, *Here is but little comfort in theſe; my comfort is in the Lord, There is comfort indeed: Though we may ſeek comfort here, and the glory of this World, yet, what is all that? all will be nothing, when we come to lie upon a Death Bed, then we would fain have the love of God, and cannot get it: I am full of comfort and joy.*

Though

Though the Lord is pleased to let me lie under many pains, yet he knoweth what is best for his Children; he hath enabled me, and will enable me to bear them; and though he should lay a hundred times more upon me, yet will I wait upon him, for he is my stay, and the hope of my Salvation: My pains are nothing to the pains of Hell, where they will never be at an end. And Christ he suffered a great deal more for me then all this is; he was bruised, buffeted, and spit upon; and they platted a Crown of Thorns and put upon his Head, and gave him Vinegar to drink: But I have several things to take, though I cannot relish them. And they came out against Christ with Swords and Staves, and Christ did not open his mouth against them; but rebukes Peter *for cutting the High Priests Servants ear, and bid him put up his Sword into the Scabbard, and said, Shall not I drink of the Cup that my Father hath prepared for me; though my pains are very great, yet I am so full of joy and comfort: I was very full of comfort before, but I am fuller of joy this hour than I have been yet. It is better to live* Lazarus's *life, and to die* Lazarus's *death, than to live* Dives *his life; he had his delicates, and afterwards would have been glad to have had* Lazarus *dip his finger in water and cool his tongue.*

Though the Lord give Satan power over my

Body,

Body, yet he hath promiſed he ſhall not hurt my Soul. The Devil could not go into the herd of Swine till Chriſt had given him leave: And though he ſtood at my left hand, and ſaid, I am in filthy rags; yet the Lord ſtands at my right hand, and ſaith, I am but a fire-brand newly plucked out of the fire, and he will put on me his Robes of Righteouſneſs.

The laſt night I could not ſtir my Head, Hand, nor Foot, but by and by the Lord did help me to move my Head a little, and at length my Body.

O what a good God have I, that can caſt down and raiſe up in a moment; but here is only looking at the Phyſician; as many, when they have been ſick and well again, they ſay, Such a Phyſician, and ſuch a Phyſician hath cured them, & they neglect looking up to the Lord.

It is true, the Lord doth appoint the means to make uſe of, but nothing will do us good, except he give a bleſſing to it. O that we had Faith as that Woman had, that had ſpent all upon Phyſicians and did her no good; & then came and touched the Hem of Chriſts Garment; and when Chriſt felt vertue go out of him he asked his Diſciples, Who touched him? then ſhe trembled, but Chriſt ſaid, Riſe up Daughter, thy Faith hath made thee whole.

Of the Expreſſions of an hopeful Child, the daughter of Mr. Edward Scarfield, *that was but eleven years of Age in* March, 1661. *Gathered from a Letter written by one fearing God, that lived in the houſe with the Child.*

IN *Auguſt* laſt, this Child was ſick of a Feaver; in which time ſhe ſaid to her Father, (who is a holy, humble, precious man,) *I am afraid, I am not prepared to die*; and fell under much trouble of Spirit, being ſenſible, not only of actual ſins, but of her loſt eſtate without Chriſt, in unbelief, (as *Epheſ.* 2, 12. *John* 16. 8, 9.) and ſhe wept bitterly, crying out thus, *My ſins are greater than I can bear, I doubt God will not forgive them*: telling her Father, *I am in unbelief, and I cannot believe*: Yet ſhe was drawn out to pray many times in thoſe words of *Pſal.* 25. *For thy names ſake, O Lord pardon my ſin, for it is great.* Thus ſhe lay oft mourning for ſin, and ſaid, *I had rather have Chriſt than health.* She would repeat

repeat many promiſes of Gods Mercy and Grace, but ſaid, ſhe could not believe.

When ſhe had been complaining, that ſhe was not prepared; her Father opening the Bible, his eyes firſt fixed upon theſe words, (in *Pſal.* 10. 17.) *Lord, thou wilt prepare the heart, thou wilt cauſe thine ear to hear*; and he bid her take notice of the Lords providence therein, ordering* the opening of the Book, and his eyes to pitch on theſe words. The next day, when ſhe was mourning for ſin, he opening it again, his eyes fixed on thoſe words in *Matth.* 5. *Bleſſed are they that mourn, for they ſhall be comforted.* He bid her obſerve that Providence of alſo. But as yet her time was not come, and ſhe ſtill mourned under her unbelief.

The next day, being then the 24*th* of the 6*th* month 1661. he praying that morning with his godly Family, (as his uſual way hath been for many years to pray with them, and read the Scriptures, or Catechiſe them daily morning and evening;) Behold and ſee what gracious incouragement the Lord gave him in his Service, as he was praying to this effect, (*That we might not look for any thing in us to reſt in, or truſt unto for our Juſtitfication to ſtand righteous before God; but only in Jeſus Chriſt alone,*

who died for our ſins at Jeruſalem, *and roſe again for our Juſtification.*) Whilſt he was praying to that effect, the Lord raiſed her Soul up to believe; as ſhe told her Father when Prayer was ended, *Now I believe in Chriſt, and I am not afraid of Death.*

After this, ſhe ſaid, *I had rather die than ſin againſt God.* Since that time ſhe hath continued quiet in mind, as one that hath peace with God.

As for this young Child *I* have been comforted in ſeeing her, and hearing her anſwer ſome Queſtions propounded to her five years ago.

Her Father ſaith, that ſince ſhe was five years old, he remembred not that either a Lie, or an Oath hath ever come out of her mouth; neither would ſhe have wronged any to the value of a Pin.

Henry Jeffey.

Here ends the firſt part.

Her

Here follows now some of the Fruits of Mr. *Abraham Chear's* spare hours improvement, whilst a Prisoner: Made and directed to some he was nearly related to, and dearly affected.

Remember now thy Creator in the dayes of thy Youth.

1.

SWeet Children, Wisdom you invites,
to hearken to her Voice;
She offers to you rare delights,
Most worthy of your choice.
Eternal blessings in his wayes,
You shall be sure to find;
Oh! therefore in your youthful dayes,
your great Creator mind.

2.

The joy that other pleasure brings,
with vanities abound:
Nay; when in straits they take them wings,
vexations they are found.

Your very Vitals thus decayes,
and torments leave behind:
Oh! therefore in your youthful days,
your Great Creator mind.

3.

They may affect depraved ſenſe
while they ſubject your Reaſon;
They ſay, to conſcience, get you hence,
and fear it for a ſeaſon.
But though a kind of ſottiſh eaſe,
you hereby ſeem to find,
I beg you in your youthfull dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

4.

The dreadful danger heed I pray,
of ſuch ſtrange wayes at length;
When you have ſin'd your time away,
and waſted all your ſtrength;
Be ſure, in chains of darkneſs, theſe
your hands and feet will bind:
Oh! therefore in your youthful days,
your Great Creator mind.

5.

Obſerve how poor mortal men,
their precious ſeaſons ſpend,
To ſatisfie thoſe luſts, but then
muſt periſh in the end.
This ſaving Counſel, would you pleaſe
upon your heart to bind:
Oh! in your early youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

6.

Upon a World, vain toyſome, foul,
a journey now you enter:
The welfare of your living Soul,
you dangerouſly adventure
If as the iſſue of your wayes,
you've happineſs deſign'd:
Oh! in your early youthful dayes
your Great Creator mind.

7.

Friends, parents, all who you affect,
observe your budding spring;
Your prosperous Summer they expect,
a fruitful Crop will bring:
A witness in this age to raise,
to Grace of every kind:
Oh! then in these your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

8

Young *Isaack*'s, who lift up their eyes,
and meditate in Fields;
Young *Jacob*'s, who the Blessing prize,
this age but seldome yeelds.
Few *Samuel*'s, leaving their playes,
to Temple Work resign'd:
Few do, as these, in youthful dayes,
their Great Creator mind.

9.

How precious *Obodiah*'s be,
that feared God in youth;
How seldome *Timothy*'s we see,
verst in the Word of Truth.
Few Babes and Sucklings publish praise,
th'Avengers Rage to bind.
Oh! then in these your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

10.

Few tender-hearted youths, as was
Josiah, *Judah*'s King;
Hosannah in the high'st (alas)
how seldom Children Sing?
Youth's rarely ask for *Zion*'s wayes,
they'd rather pleasure find:
But oh! in these your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

11.

What Children Pulse and Water chuse,
continually to eat;
Rather then Conscience should accuse,
for tasting Royal Meat?

Would you not bow, a King to pleaſe,
though torrures were behind?
Oh! then in theſe your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

12.

Thoſe worthy Mirrors of their Age,
obtain'd a precious Name;
Their living Patern ſhould engage
your ſouls to do the ſame.
And though in this ſtrait narrow way,
you few Companions find;
The rather in your youthful day,
your Great Creator mind.

13.

How worthy Chriſt is, could you learn,
to claim your Flower and Prime;
And how well pleaſing 'tis, diſcern
to dedicate your time:
You pleaſantly would make eſſayes,
to get your Souls enclin'd,
And gladly in your youthful dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

14.

This Garland wreath'd of youthful flowers
to Jeſus you would bring:
This Morn made up of Golden Hours,
you would preſent the King.
You'd humbly bow, without delayes,
Grace in his ſight to find;
And gladly now, and all your dayes,
your Great Creator mind.

More of Mr. Chear's *Verſes,*

written to a young Virgin, Anno 1663.

Sweet Child,

When I bethink what need there is of care,
For precious ſouls to ſave themſelves from ſnare;

That

That Satan, as a subtil Fouler, layes
To take and keep them captive all their dayes
In youthful folly, and in sensual rest,
To keep them off from being truly blest;
What strange devices he hath to expel,
Their thoughts of Judgment, Death, of Heaven, or Hell;
And minding what engagements on me lie,
To you, and others, Christ to testifie,
This Song, I thought, you now and then might sing
If God would follow it, to mind to bring
Your state by Nature, and the Gospel Path,
To set you free from everlasting Wrath.
If morn by morn, you in this Glass will dress you,
I have some hopes that God by it may bless you.

1.

WHen by Spectators I am told,
what Beauty doth adorn me:
Or in a Glass, when I behold,
How sweetly God did form me.
Hath God such comliness display'd,
and on me made to dwell
'Tis pitty, such a pretty Maid,
as I should go to Hell.

2.

When all my Members I compare,
form'd by my Maker's hand;
In what sweet order, strait and faire,
each part together stand:
How in the use of these might I,
in vertue's Walks excell.
'Tis pitty when I come to die,
all these should go to Hell.

3.

Doth God my ornaments provide,
of soft and good aray;
The which this Age converts to pride,
I am as vain as they.
But when the thoughts of Pride entice,
such temptings I should quell;
By serious heeding this advice,
I must take heed of Hell.

4. If Perents induſtry and care,
ſhould by the Lord be bleſt,
That they large portions could prepare,
for me and all the reſt.
Though many Suitors this invites,
my Fortunes might excell:
What would become of theſe delights,
if I ſhould go to Hell?

5.

Should Wiſdom, Breeding, parts conſpire,
my ſpreading fame to raiſe:
Should Courtly Ladies me admire,
and my perfections praiſe.
Though for Endowments, rare and high,
from all I bare the Bell:
What would theſe toys avail, if I
at lengght be lodg'd in Hell?

6.

If to ſeek pleaſures, Paſtimes, Sports,
My fancy ſhould be bent;
Which City, Countrey, Town, or Court,
to pleaſe me can invent:
Though thus to ſatisfie my luſt,
with greedineſs I fell;
By weeping-Croſs, return I muſt
or elſe go quick to Hell.

7.

Doth Beauty ſuch corruption Hide?
is comlineſs a bait?
Do coſtly Garments nouriſh pride?
hath Treaſure ſuch deceit?
Do Complements breed vanity?
doth pleaſure Grace expel?
How little reaſon then have I
for theſe to go to Hell?

8.

'Tis time I ſhould without delayes,
my future ſtate bethink;
Though God's forbearance, at my dayes
of ignorance did wink.

Repent-

Repentance he doth now expect,
and learning to do well;
For plainly he doth this detect,
this broad way leads to Hell.

9.

To chuſe the new and living way,
the Goſpel doth beſeech me;
The heart of Jeſus, day by day,
is open'd to enrich me.
The tenders of New-Cov'nant Grace,
would ſin and guilt expel;
The promis'd Spirit would me place,
ſafe from the loweſt Hell.

10.

Would Chriſt my Spirit lead along,
theſe tenders to embrace,
I ſhould have matter for a Song,
to praiſe his Glorious Grace.
How firſt of goodneſs I was ſeiz'd
from what a ſtate I fell;
To what a glory God hath rais'd,
a Fire-brand pluckt from Hell.

To my Couſin *T. H.* at School.

KInd Kinſman! Compliments apart,
Yet love expreſt with all my heart;
While I bethought what way was beſt,
To gratifie a ſtrong requeſt;
And how to reach the proper end,
That was aſſign'd me by a Friend;
That I would write a ſerious Line,
Your tender Spirit to incline,
If poſſibly, from wanton things,
Which carry with them poyſned ſtings,

And

And kindly to attract your eye,
From vanity to things on high:
My thoughts to Meeter were inclin'd,
As thinking on a Schollars mind,
It might at first with fansie take,
And after deep impressions make:
Which Oh! If God would but inspire,
Convince of folly, raise desire;
Discover Beauty, kindle Love,
Fix your delight on things Above;
These weak endeavours then may stand,
As Christ's remembrances at hand.
To warn you, folly to avoid,
Which hath such multitudes destroy'd;
And thence your nobler part incline,
To Meditations more Divine;
Which have a faculty to raise.
Immortal Souls to frames of praise:
By means of which, when you obtain,
Your Spirit in a serious strain;
When vanity hath least respect;
And thoughts are fittest to reflect;
Then from your Treasure you may bring,
This brief Soliloquie, and Sing,

COme Soul! let you and I,
A few discourses have:
Shall we bethink, how near the brink,
We border of the Grave?
Shall we surveigh our time,
How vainly it is spent;
How youthful dayes consume in wayes,
Which Age must needs repent?
The things which others please;
What profit do they merit?
What are the Toyes, of wanton Boyes,
to an immortal Spirit?
How will our Reckoning pass,
Of pastim, Pleasure, play,
When every thought and Deed is brought,
Unto the Judgment Day?

Would not our time and ſtrength,
Be better far imploy'd,
If every thought, were this way wrought,
How Chriſt may be injoy'd?
Should not a young man's way,
Be ordered by the Word?
Should not his mind, be ſtill inclin'd?
To know and fear the Lord?
If we behold our Frame,
Our parts and powers compare;
Sure, God intends ſome glorious ends,
To form a piece ſo rare.

A Letter ſent to a Friend's Child.

Sweet Child. I pray you, think not long,
E're I have ſent my Priſon-Song;
To turn, after a Godly ſort,
Your tongue, and thoughts, from ſinful ſport.
Pray let it frequently be brought,
With holy fear upon your thought;
And when indeed your Soul is bent,
On things that are moſt permanent.
When leaſt to fooliſh mirth inclin'd,
Then from the Treaſure of your mind,
This ſerious Song, you forth may bring,
With Goſpel Melody, and Sing,

LOrd what a worm am I?
what could'ſt thou here eſpie?
That ever thou, ſhould'ſt humbly bow,
On me to caſt an eye?
What kind of Love is this?
What reaſon can it have?
Shall God through Grace, himſelf abaſe,
So vile a Wretch to ſave?

How

How ſtrangely was I made?
How curiouſly adorn'd?
I was at firſt, an heap of duſt,
Which ſin hath quite deform'd

My Matter, Earth and Clay,
Form'd by a power Divine:
Sure God would hide, all cauſe of pride
From every thought of mine.

My Childiſh thoughts would ceaſe,
On vanity to ſtay,
Could I bethink, I'm on the brink
Of danger day by day,

Temptations lead to ſin;
Sin doth of good bereave me:
Cloathes, Beauty, Strength, and Life at Length
Are all at hand to leave me.

Why then ſhould gay attire,
Yield ſo much food to pride?
What glory's in a beaſtcous skin,
That ſo much filth doth hide?

Why ſhould the fond delights
Of parents puff me up?
Such boundleſs love, doth often prove,
To both a bitter Cup.

Why ſhould the higheſt joyes
Of Sin ſubject my reaſon?
The ſinful Sports of Princes Courts,
Laſt only for a ſeaſon.

Lord let my Soul be rais'd,
And all its powers incline.
On Eagles Wings, to follow things,
That are indeed Divine.

Thoſe depths that from the wiſe
Thou pleaſeſt to conceal;
Myſterious things, obſcur'd from Kings,
To me a Babe reveal,

That

That from an Infants Mouth,
A Suckliugs Lips inſpir'd ;
Thy glorious Name, may purchaſe fame,
And Chriſt be more admir'd.

Let me thy Beauty ſee,
Thy Countenance behold :
Thy Rayes of Grace, fixt in my face,
More rich than Maſſy Gold.

Let Royal Robes of Praiſe,
And Righteouſneſs adorn me,
Which may me bring, before the King,
How ever Mortals ſcorn me.

Let Treaſures of thy Grace,
A portion rich endow me ;
In laſting Bags, though here in Rags,
Men ſcarce a bit allow me.

If Comelineſs I want,
Thy Beauty may I have ;
I ſhall be fair, beyond compare,
Though cripled to my Grave.

And if above it all,
To Chriſt I married be ;
My living Springs, Oh King of Kings,
Will ſtill run freſh in thee.

Upon a Bible ſent as a Token to a young Virgin, wherein the worth of the holy Scripture is minded.

WHile I was muſing what was beſt,
unto your hands to ſend :
That of your Souls eternal reſt,
my care I might commend :

The

The Holy Scriptures I bethought,
oft tendring to your heart,
That your affections might be brought,
to chooſe the better part.

There you may read what guilt of ſin,
into the World you brought?
And ſince what filthineſs hath bin,
in Word, in Deed, in Thought:
How God's long-ſuffering, ſins have preſt,
as ſheaves do preſs a Cart;
And nothing elſe can make you bleſt,
but *Mary*'s better part.

That God hath holy jealous eyes,
the Scriptures do unfold;
By which heart-ſecrets he eſpies,
yet cannot ſin behold.
Through ſhades of Death, and darkeſt night,
theſe piercing Beams do dart;
He looks on nothing with delight,
but on that better part.

With flaming fire you alſo read,
a Judgment day deſign'd,
Where every idle Thought and Deed,
Muſt righteous Sentence find.
There Kings ſtand naked, Death hath hurl'd
their Robes and Crowns apart;
Then, but too late, they'l give the World
for *Mary*'s better part.

Then to have Jeſus Chriſt ones own,
will be admired Grace;
To ſtand with boldneſs at the Throne,
and ſee the Father's Face.
To ſit on Thrones, when Chriſt ſhall ſay,
Ye wicked ones depart.
But come ye bleſſed in my day,
ye choſe the better Part.

The tenders of his Grace ſo rich,
here Jeſus doth diſplay.

He ſcarlet-ſinners doth beſeech,
his Goſpel to obey:
To let ſins fettered Captives free,
and heal the broken heart;
He begs them on his bended knee,
to chuſe the better part.

Deep Myſt'ries of eternal Love,
hid from the Saints of old;
To Babes and Sucklings from above,
theſe Scriptures do unfold:
Not in the words of frothy Wits,
or humane terms of art;
But ſuch ſimplicity as fits,
the Spirit's better part.

The glory of the Father's Face,
the burning Law declares:
The beauty of Chriſt's precious Grace,
the Goſpel here prepares.
Both Grace and Glory here unite,
to heal ſins deadly ſmart.
The ſpirit, and the Bride invite,
to chuſe this better part.

The bleſſed truths diſplay'd herein,
all your dear pleaſures make;
Its ſharp rebukes of every ſin,
as healing Balſom take.
For though convictions to the fleſh,
ſo bitter ſeem and tart;
Yet is their iſſue to refreſh,
and heal the better part.

Oh! then upon this Word of Truth,
place high and great eſteem:
This point of Wiſdom learn in youth,
your precious time redeem.
To know Chriſt's from a ſtrangers Voice,
account the higheſt Art;
Your richeſt treaſure is your choice
of *Mary*'s better part.

A Poetical Meditation, wherein the Usefulness, Excellency, and several perfections of the holy Scriptures are briefly hinted, perform'd by J. C. *but turn'd into more familiar verse for the use of Children, by* Abr. Chear.

AMong thy glorious gifts;
Lord thou thy Word hast given,
Precious and pure, sweet, holy, sure,
To guide me hence to heaven.

Here I abound with straits,
Wants and necessities,
There I have store, heapt, running o're,
With plenteous rich supplies.

Temptations here abound,
With terrors, dangers, fears,
These petty Hels thy Word expels,
And all my passage clears.

When Satan fiercely shoots,
His fiery darts at me;
Then Lord, thy Word, is shield and Sword,
Me saves and makes them flee.

The present world commends,
Its Objects fresh and fair;
But yet thy Word doth that afford,
Which proves more precious Ware.

When fleshly lusts intice,
To their alluring pleasures;
To rare delights thy Word invites,
More choice in weight and measure.

The Errors of the Times ;
Their cheating Wares diſplay ;
But Scripture ſayes, ſhun Errors wayes.
My Rule ſhall guide your way.

When by the Tempter's Wiles,
I tempted am to ſin ;
By thy Words Art, hid in my heart,
Both field and Prize I win.

Nay though I foiled be,
And ſin defile my Soul,
Thy Word can cleanſe theſe noiſome Dens,
And ſins beſt ſtrength controul.

An unbelieving heart,
Do I till now inherit :
Lord, thy Word hath Pow'r to work Faith,
By thy moſt Holy Spirit.

If this be my Diſeaſe,
An hard and ſtony heart ;
Thy Word thus deals, firſt kills, then heals,
And cures me by this ſmart.
Will not my frozen heart,
With Goſpel Grace comply ;
Thy Royal Law, this heart can thaw,
And cauſe a weeping eye.

Doth loſty towring thoughts,
Puff up my tempted Breaſt ;
Thy word brings low, the proudeſt Foe,
Leſs makes me than the leaſt.

Do muttering thoughts ariſe,
Grudge, murmur, or repine ;
Thy Rod and Word, teach patience, Lord,
And ſtill theſe thoughts of mine.

Am I tongue-ty'd in Prayer,
And know not what to ſay ;
Thy Word inſpires, praying deſires,
Tell's how and what to Pray.

When like a loſt ſheep I
In darkneſs err and ſtray;
Thy word's a Light, moſt clear and bright,
And guides me in my way.

A ſimple fool I be,
And deſtitute of eyes;
Thy word's a Rule, Maſter and School,
To make its Schollars wiſe.

I ſee my ſelf undone,
Diſtreſſed, naked, poor,
Thy Words infold a Mine of Gold,
Rich pearls, and precious ſtore.

By ſinful nature I
And God are ſtill at odds,
Thy Word my Soul converteth whole,
From Satan's Will to Gods.

Do troubles from without,
And floods of inward grief
My Soul torment? thy Word is lent,
With Joy and Soul relief.

Or, is my Soul perplext,
With reaſonings, doubts, and fears,
Thy Word of Grace, reſolves the caſe,
My cloudy Judgment clears.

Or, do deſpairing thoughts,
My tempted Soul o'rtake?
Thy word doth give, me hopes to live,
For Chriſt my Saviour's ſake.

When floods and multitudes
Of troubled thoughts me preſs;
I call to mind, thy word, and find,
Its joyes my Soul refreſh.

Though in this vale of tears
I thirſt, faint, hunger, Pine;
Thy word me feeds, in theſe my ne
Its Bread, and Milk, and Wine.

Or

Or, am I weakned out,
And cannot walk alone;
Thy word then is ſtrength to my knees,
And ſtaff to lean upon.

And though in ſcorn and pain,
Forſook, and poor I be,
Thy word alone, hath all in one,
Health, Wealth, Friends, all to me,

Thus though my pained Soul
Be ſick, and wounded ſore,
With grievous ſin, which doth begin,
To feſter more and more.

Thy word directs me where,
My healing may be had,
And doth me guide, to Chriſt's pierc'd ſide,
For Balme of *Gilead*.

Nay, though no life at all,
Nor quickning there remain;
Thy word is good, and liveing Food,
Which fetcheth life again.

And if I would deſire,
A Life that laſts for ever;
The Scripture ſhows, whence water flows,
To drink and periſh never.

Bleſt be the Lord my God,
Who evermore provides,
And filleth full, my empty Soul,
With Food that ſtill abides.

My Soul! O bleſs the Lord,
Who bounteouſly hath given,
Strength, light, guide, way, leſt thou ſhouldſt ſtray,
In this thy way to Heaven.

This Holy Book of God,
Theſe Sentences, theſe Lines;
Each Word and Letter, to me are better,
Than Pearls and Golden Mines.

'Tis Heaven it ſelf tranſcrib'd,
And Glory lively pen'd;
God's truth, no doubt was, copied out,
When he this Gift did ſend.

It's Truth brought forth to light;
God did hereby intend,
Man's word ſhould fall, Heaven, Earth, and all,
But this ſhould never end.

Dear Soul, admiring ſtand,
At that bleſt hand and Quill;
That did produce, for ſinners uſe.
Th'eternal Sovereign Will.

Aſtoniſhed admire,
The Author too; and when,
Thou canſt not raiſe, ſufficient praiſe,
With wondring ſay, *Amen.*

To my Couſin *John* H.

SWeet *John*, I ſend you here,
A Song by heart to learn;
Not it to ſay, as Parrots may,
But wiſely to diſcern.

Oh! lay it deep to heart,
And mind it well I pray,
God grant you Grace, to grow apace,
In virtue day by day.

As yet a Child you be,
And childiſh Toyes do pleaſe you;
But you'l complain, they all are vain,
When ever Grace ſhall ſeize you.

Nay, When Convictions come,
In Goſpel-Power, and Truth;

You'l

You'l ſurely cry, Ah wretch am I,
Thus to have ſpent my youth!

Childhood and Youth were ſpent,
In things not to be nam'd:
Alas! what praiſe was in thoſe dayes,
Whereof I'm now aſham'd.

Dear *John*, then lay to heart,
This needful timely hint,
Before the day, of which you'l ſay,
What pleaſure have I in't?

Begin to mind the Lord,
Who form'd you out of duſt;
And did you raiſe, to ſhew his praiſe;
Him love and fear you muſt.

In things that are of earth,
Spend not your youthful ſtrength;
Its joyes and cares, are all but ſnares,
To miſchief you at length.

Where Chriſt in glory ſits,
Place there your prime delight;
Let things above have all your love,
Your time, care, mind and might.

John Chriſt's fore-runner mind,
From whom you have your name;
Though from his birth, liv'd mean on earth,
A ſhining Light became.

He choſe a Deſart life,
Fed hard, was coorſe attir'd,
He left the ſport, of *Herod*'s Court,
Though he was there admir'd.

Sin he reprov'd in all,
And kept true witneſs clear:
He never ſought, himſelf in ought,
That Chriſt might more appear.

Another *John* you find,
The lov'd Diſciple nam'd;
Who lean'd for reſt, on Jeſus Breaſt,
With Goſpel-love inflam'd.

To every Truth of Chriſt,
A witneſs bold he bear;
Though an Exile, in *Patmos*-Iſle,
Choice Viſions he had there.

A Pattern if they be
To you in word and deed;
Jehovah's eye, will make ſupply,
To whatſoe're you need.

To my Couſin *Sam. B.*

DEar Couſin *Sam*, my pretty Lam,
this Song to you I ſend;
Whatever play, aſide you lay,
learn this from end to end.
With God begin, take heed of ſin,
know Jeſus out of hand.
Betimes you muſt, flee youthful luſt,
Its firſt aſſaults withſtand.
Spend not your dayes, in wanton playes,
Though naughty boyes intice:
They firſt begin, with little ſin,
but end in deadly vice.
If naughty Boyes, allure with Toyes,
to ſin, or lies to tell;
Then tell them plain, you tempt in vain,
ſuch wayes go down to Hell.
God's holy Eye, our faults do ſpy,
and will to Judgment call us,
We muſt fear God, more than the Rod,
or ought that can befall us.

How oft have I, been like to die?
yea Death is alwayes near:
Chuſe whom you will, to follow ſtill,
I Chriſt muſt love and fear;
Fathers beſt Boy, and Mothers joy,
I then ſhall ſurely be;
And that that's beſt, of all the reſt,
God will provide for me.

To my Couſin *W. L.*

DEar Child, although my Father's Will
in Priſon me hath bound;
Through uprightneſs, and patience ſtill,
my comforts here are found.
The preſence of a gracious God,
doth this a Pallace make;
It makes the bitter of the Rod,
be ſweet for Jeſus ſake.
But Oh! when guilt brings any here,
in Fetters to be bound;
Becauſe of God they had no fear,
but were in evil found:
To ſuch it is a dreadful place,
here guilt to judgment binds them;
Where if they don't repent apace,
Death, Wrath, and Vengeance finds them.
Of you, dear Child, with carefulneſs,
my heart hath many a thought;
Leaſt you through youthful wantonneſs,
to greater ſins be brought:
And ſo by adding ſin to ſin,
you waſt your time and ſtrength;
And when your judgment doth begin,
in vain you mourn at length.

I charge you then, in any ſort,
your great Creator mind;
Spend not your youthful dayes in ſport,
that cannot be regain'd.
Avoid thoſe rude and wicked Boyes,
that make a mock of ſin;
Love not their playes, and ſinful Toyes,
to fear the Lord begin.
Keep cloſe to School, read Scriptures oft,
in private learn to pray;
Your Goſpel-grounds keep ſtill in thought,
Your Parents both obey.
Your Brethren love, and teach them good,
a Chriſtian learn to be;
Then God will give you clothes and food,
and you'l be dear to me.

To my Kinſman A. L.

MY prettyChild, remember well,
you muſt your wayes amend;
For wicked Children go to Hell,
that way their courſes tend.
But heark to me, if you to be,
the Child of God deſire;
The broad and open road muſt flee,
which multitudes admire.
Strive every day to mend your way,
learn Chriſt while you are young;
Take conſtant heed, to every deed,
heart, feet, hands and tongue.
You may be quickly ſick, and die,
and put into the Grave;
From whence to judgment you muſt fly,
and righteous Sentence have.
Learn then to fear, while you live here,
with Chriſt your time imploy.

Labour to live and die as one,
that leaves the World with joy.
My ſtrength in cries I ſhall imploy,
that God will bleſs your youth;
I can have nothing like this joy,
My Children walk in truth.

To my youngeſt Kinſman R.L.

MY little Couſin if you'l be,
your Uncles deareſt Boy;
You muſt take heed of every deed,
that would your Soul deſtroy.
You muſt not curſe, nor fight, nor ſteal,
nor ſpend your time in games,
Nor make a lie, what e're you ailes
nor call ungodly names.
With wicked Children do not play,
for ſuch to Hell will go;
The Devils Children ſin all day,
but you muſt not do ſo.
Begin, I pray, to learn that way,
that doth to Heaven tend:
O learn a little, day by day,
which leadeth to that end.
For God and good men love ſuch Boyes,
and will them good things give;
Father and Mother will rejoyce,
and I in comfort live.

Another

Another to a Child inſiſting on Pſal. 119. 9.

Since I am naturally bent,
to take delight in Songs;
A Friend from Priſon one hath ſent,
that to my Soul belongs:
Which when I ſing, he doth intreat,
I would not mind my play,
But frequently with weight repeat,
How may I cleanſe my way?

It is the uſe of ſuch as I,
to Dance, and Play, and ſing;
Or elſe to lie, and rail, and cry,
for will in every thing,
Why ſhould our wantonneſs be croſt,
or pleaſures night and day?
We fear no danger to be loſt;
what need we cleanſe our way?

Should we our jovial play-mates ſhun,
when we return from Schools;
Should we not fight, and climb, and run,
we ſhould be counted fools.
If in the Hedges, Streets, and Field,
our ſports you take away;
What good will food and raiment yield?
why ſhould we change our way?

When up to youth and ſtrength we grow,
'tis brave to have our wills;
To heed no Check whate're we do,
of luſt to take our fills:
To fight, drink, game, to ſwear and curſe,
to lie out night and day;

To ſpend and whore, grow worſe and worſe,
what youth will cleanſe his way?

'Tis true, the Holy Scriptures teach,
our Catechiſms tell;
Some Miniſters we hear do preach,
Youths muſt take heed of Hell.
Our Parents at our wildneſs grieve,
exhort, reprove and pray,
But after all, we ſcarce believe,
we need to cleanſe our way.

We ſee ſome that were thought the beſt,
their high profeſſion leaving;
And greedily, as do the reſt,
to earth and Pleaſure cleaving.
No Check of Conſcience doth appear,
in what they do or ſay;
This greatly hardens us from fear,
or thoughts to cleanſe our way.

With Cart-ropes to draw youthful luſt,
this day all help affords;
It is a ſport, Chriſt's bonds to burſt,
and caſt away his Cords,
If one from wickedneſs diſſent,
he makes himſelf a prey;
This yields but ſmall encouragement,
for youth to cleanſe his way.

As the young Aſs that ſnuffs the wind,
Youth loves to have its ſwinge;
But hates attempts, its luſt to bind,
or liberty infringe.
Yet ther's a month, in which the Lord,
our full career can ſtay;
And can, according to his Word,
turn, change, and cleanſe our way.

No leſs then an Almighty Power,
ſuch torrents can withſtand,
The influences of this hour,
tempt with ſo high a hand,

Amongſt a thouſand, ſcarce one Lad,
(with weepings we may ſay)
Of whom aſſurance may be had,
he ſtrives to cleanſe his way.

Oh! with what grief upon their wayes,
ſhould Parents then reflect;
Whoſe fawning in our infant dayes,
doth Word and Rod neglect;
Till our incorrigible years,
are apt by deeds to ſay,
Although you break your heart with tears,
we will not cleanſe our way.

Were our Salvation their deſign,
our Souls their higheſt care;
They would be careful to decline,
all ſteps that might enſnare,
What holy walks, before our ſight.
as patterns ſhould they lay;
Which might endear us with delight,
betimes to cleanſe our way?

Above deep learning, breeding, wit,
they for us grace would prize;
Rich Trades, or ſtocks, compar'd with it,
were dung before their eyes.
The greateſt Matches they could find,
with heaps of yellow Clay;
Were no Preferment to their mind,
like to a cleanſed way.

To a Virgin inclining to enquire after the Lord.

A Soliloquie.

COme pray thee, Precious Soul of mine,
let's ſeriouſly retire;

And

And under eye and aid Divine,
God's Oracles enquire.
Call in those thoughts that range about,
with awfulness incline,
To get this question out of doubt,
Is Jesus truly mine?

It's high time now to fix our thought,
O let time past suffice,
That we the lusts of flesh have wrought,
in youthful vanities.
What profit in those wayes is found,
which down to Hell incline;
What real pleasure can redound,
if Christ be none of mine?

'Tis true, a Maid can scarce forget,
her ornamental tire;
The Virgins her at nought will set,
whose eye is fixed higher.
But should I my bright morning wast,
to make me trim and fine;
'Twill be but bitterness at last,
if Christ be none of mine?

With *Dinah* should I gad to see,
the Daughters of the Land;
My intimates, if such should be,
who Christ don't understand:
My complements, and gate might I,
as is the mode, refin'd;
But wretched should I live and die,
if Christ be none of mine.

Or if through deep convictions I,
my vain companions leave;
And to the Saints, for company,
in dear affections cleave.
Though they as Angels speak to me,
sweet words as spiced Wine:
Of what advantage could it be,
if Christ be none of mine?

Of his ineſtimable worth.
if I by Saints am told;
Or how the Goſpel ſets him forth,
tranſcending heaps of Gold:
Though one among a thouſand he,
in full perfection ſhine;
What will this Glory be to me,
if Chriſt be none of mine;

If by reforming I eſſay,
ſelf righteouſneſs ſhould ſtand;
I may conjecture I obey,
the Law's exact command.
Nay, to the Goſpel's outward call,
my ſteps I may refine;
Yet ſhort of glory I ſhall fall,
If Chriſt be none of mine?

How Satan acts an Angel's part,
I cannot well diſcern;
The windings of a treacherous heart,
I cannot quickly learn;
How cloſe hypocriſie in all,
may hide it's deep deſign;
The ſtatelieſt Structure then muſt fall,
if Chriſt be none of mine.

Of a Child ſomewhat indulged by reaſon of Sickleneſs.

IF any would my Age be told,
this anſwer they may have;
A weakly Child of ten years old,
oft very near the Grave.
My Life's a wonder to my Friends,
continued to this day;
And doubtleſs is for higher ends,
then ear, and drink, and play.

To theſe things Childhood is inclin'd,
yea to great evils bending;
And little doth it heed or mind,
to what ſuch wayes are tending.
If Parents give us our contents,
and take delight to pleaſe us;
We little lay to heart events,
though dreadful Plagues ſhould ſeize us.
Some Parents in this ſinful Age,
will no wayes croſs our courſe;
Whileſt other's filthy rayling rage,
to deſperate wayes enforce.
But did the love and fear of God,
in Parents hearts bear ſway,
And were the doctrine of the Rod,
their ſtudy day by day.
Were their and our iniquities,
more deeply laid to heart;
Did love to our immortal Souls,
of fondneſs get the ſtart,
They'd learn, with gravity, to ſmile,
and tenderneſs to ſmite;
Correct and pitty all the while,
rebuke, and yet delight.
Chaſtiſements would with teaching meet;
reproofs be ſharp, yet mild;
God's admonition would be ſweet,
and wholſome to the Child.
We ſhould grow flexible and kind,
great guilt it would prevent;
This early with a willing mind,
would lead us to repent.
It would ſeem bitter to the fleſh,
to travel thus again;
But Ah! the forming Chriſt afreſh,
will pay for all this pain.

To

A Dialogue betwixt *the love of Christ* and *the lust of the flesh*; written by the said *Ab. Chear*, setting forth the deceitful nature of sin, in its alluring the Soul from goodness, to its ruine and destruction; and the powerful influence of Christ's love, engaging to an early imbracing *his* invitations to a well-grounded hope of *Everlasting Glory*.

Its Prologue.

Respected Friend,
I am obliged to tell you what's a doing;
There are at hand to you designd for woing,
Two fair-spoke-Suitors, both look fair and fresh,
The love of Jesus *and* the lust of Flesh.
They are Corrivals, each Proposals brings,
As if the Heirs apparent of some Kings,
Had terms to tender to engage your favour
Of such vast interests, their offers savour.
Hear now, and well observe a stander-by,
who long hath known how their concerns do lie,
And who by dear experience hath been taught,
To what result such suits are often brought:
If from his great desire you be blest,
And in your choice reach everlasting rest.
He offers dear-bought light to guide your mind
That to the better part it be inclin'd;
He shews a little, in a homespun stile,
The one's simplicity the other's Guile.
What stocks they come of, and their old descents;
Their various treasures, and their plain intents,

What are their qualities, their differing ends;
To what plain iſſue each propoſal tends.
Their ſundry overtures your love to gain,
In way of Dialogue betwixt them twain.

The love of Chriſt.

SWeet Virgin ſtop, let Wiſdom drop,
a word becoming Kings:
Pray be inclin'd to bend your mind,
unto cœleſtial things.
I beg your love, for things Above;
nay, all your Powers I claime:
I would adorn, your youthful morn,
and crown your early aime.

The luſt of the fleſh.

Should any thought to mind be brought,
that interrupts your quiet:
Shall Virgins weep, diſturb their ſleep,
deſert their needful diet?
Tuſh; drink in Plate, and recreate,
your lively youthful Spirit,
Seek Courtly things delight in Kings,
which may proclaim your merit.

The love of Chriſt.

While Fleſh pretends, theſe pleaſing ends,
its dire intents it hides:
But pray awake, for Jeſus ſake,
while day of Grace abides.
Fleſh luſts its Gueſts, between its Breaſts,
convictions to expel;
But deadly Charms, are in its armes;
its Gueſts are lodg'd in Hell.

The Luſts of the fleſh.

What ſtrange conceits, what ſilly cheats,
would drive thy joys away?
Theſe Preachers tell, but dreams of Hell.
and of the Judgment day.

'Twil ne'r do well, till mirth expel,
such ſullen dumps as theſe:
The Timbrel bring, come dance and ſing;
eat, drink, and take thine eaſe.

The Love of Chriſt.

Theſe Childiſh Toys, may make a noiſe,
to pleaſe the carnal heart;
But all the while, they but beguile,
nay wound the better part,
One glimps of love, ſeal'd from above,
theſe higheſt joyes tranſcends;
From deeps 'twill raiſe, to heights of praiſe,
when that in torment ends.

The Luſt of the fleſh.

Shall wordy winds, on gallant minds,
ſuch deep impreſſions make;
That for a ſound, of things unfound,
they joys in Hand forſake?
This day invites, to rare delights,
all Ladies who deſign,
To've fortunes rais'd, and beauties prais'd,
embrace theſe paths of mine.

The Love of Chriſt.

Alas at length, you'l loſe your ſtrength,
mirth, beauty, ſport, and pleaſure;
And when too late, lament your ſtate,
your miſpent time and treaſure,
They'l take them wings, and leave you ſtings,
with venom, guilt, and ſmart;
Then while 'tis day, I humbly pray,
chuſe *Mary*'s better part.

The Luſt of the fleſh.

Are ſuch things fit, that clogs your wit,
which now to heights aſpires?
Such doatings leave, till age bereave,
of moiſture, warm deſires.

Your

Your budding Spring, prompts you to ſing,
your warbling Princely ſtraine;
In Courtly Modes, with amourous odes
your Gallants entertain.

The Love of Chriſt.

Such frothy freaks, aloud beſpeaks,
how ſlightly youths eſteem
Their nobler parts, their precious hearts,
which Earth cannot redeem.
How hardly brought, to turn a thought,
from Objects thus deprav'd;
Though Jeſus cries, Oh! fix your eyes
on me, and be ye ſav'd.

The Luſt of the fleſh.

Such looks may grace, ſome wither'd face,
or ſome grave Cloyſtered Nun;
Are counted blots, not beauty-ſpots,
where Fame's but now begun.
Tuſh; rather prize thoſe Comedies,
and rare Romances uſe;
Attend reſorts, to Princely ſports,
and ſhades for interviews.

The Love of Chriſt.

What pitty 'tis ſuch traſh as this,
with heaven-born Souls ſhould take;
While Jeſus ſtands with ſtretch'd out hands
rich overtures to make.
Gold try'd in Fire, and rich attire,
do your acceptance crave;
A crown of Bliſs, prepared is,
when each an end ſhall have.

The treaty ſtops, but here you have a taſt
your friend hath longings that you may be Chaſt,
Preſerv'd a Virgin, and brought ſuch to Chriſt
By love conſtrained, not by luſt intic't.

A Deſcription of an Elect Perſon, in his threefold ſtate, by *Nature*, *Grace*, and *Glory*; Collected by *Va. Powel*, in the cloſe of his Catechiſm; tranſlated into familiar Verſe, for Childrens better remembrance, by *A. Chear.*

Ejaculation.

My bleſſed Father, when my heart enclines,
To ſing this Song, or but to read theſe lines,
Let me thy Spirits Power, or leadings find,
To form their lively likeneſs on my mind.
Work deep convictions, and an holy fear,
To think what am I, or what once I were.
And into fellowſhip, Lord let it guide me,
With all this Grace *the Goſpel doth provide me,*
That I may claim what this thy record ſaith,
By ſound experience, and unfeigned Faith;
And let the hope of yonder Glory *raiſe*
My Soul to cloſe with theſe reflects of praiſe.

(1.)

Nature. BY *Nature*, and as out of Chriſt,
born of the fleſh was I;
Grace. By *Grace*, and as I ſtand in Chriſt,
I'm new born ſpiritually.
Glory. In *Glory* I with Chriſt ſhall reign,
and heavenly freedom have.
Reſt. Lord! what is man that thou ſhouldſt daign
ſo vile a Wretch to ſave?

2. Fleſh

2. Fleſh did my Members and my mind, *Nature.*
with quietneſs inherit.
But now a Warfare I do find, *Grace.*
betwixt my fleſh and ſpirit
The ſpirit promiſed, at length, *Glory.*
all glorious will make me.
For that his War's above my ſtrength, *Reſt.*
let not my Chriſt forſake me.

(3)

My ſenſual luſts to ſatisfie, *Nature.*
a fleſhly War I waged.
But now for walking ſpiritually, *Grace.*
my ſpirit ſtands ingaged.
Nay, by Chriſt's quickning power at laſt, *Glory.*
transform'd I wait to be.
Lord! what am I that thou ſhould'ſt caſt, *Reſt.*
a look of love on me?

(4)

To that which fleſhly pleaſure brings, *Nature.*
I wholly bent my mind:
But now unto the Spirit's things *Grace.*
I chiefly ſtand inclin'd.
At length my glorified eyes, *Glory.*
ſuch ſights alone ſhall ſee.
Lord! what am I that thou ſhould'ſt prize, *Reſt.*
ſo poor a Worm as me?

(5)

By ſinful nature I was dead, *Nature.*
in treſpaſſes and ſins;
By Goſpel-Grace now quickened, *Grace.*
my Soul to live begins.
The day approacheth, when from ſin, *Glory.*
I ſhall be wholly free.
Lord? what am I that thou haſt been, *Reſt.*
at ſo great coſt on me?

(6.)

Nature. In ſin, as in my Proper place,
I was well pleas'd to lie;
Grace. But now I ſtrive to walk by Grace,
in all ſimplicity.
Glory. I ſhall preſented be at laſt,
as my dear Chriſt is pure.
Reſt. What love is this, that Chriſt ſo chaſt,
ſhould ſuch a Wretch indure?

(7.)

Nature. Subjected to the Law of ſin
and death I once did ſtand,
Grace. Made free, I to obey begin,
the Spirit of Life's command;
Glory. A glorious triumph's yet in ſtore,
o're ſin and death for me.
Reſt. How ſhould I Majeſty adore,
that I thus ſav'd ſhould be?

(8.)

Nature. Once Gods pure Nature, Word and Law
I hated as my foes:
Grace. Now with them I in holy awe,
and dear affections cloſe.
Glory. Deſires ſhall into full delight,
at length reſolved be.
Reſt. Lord! what am I that er'e my ſight
ſhould ſuch bleſt objects ſee?

(9)

Nature. Born ignorant of Heavenly things,
I teachings did deſpiſe;
Grace. All teachings which the Goſpel brings,
my Soul doth dearly prize.
Glory. Clear apprehenſions I ſhall gain,
when Faith is turn'd to ſight.
Reſt. Lord! what is man that thou ſhouldſt daign
on him to place delight?

(10.)

With vileſt Sons of men I choſe, *Nature.*
my chief repaſt to take:
But now the ſtricteſt Saints are thoſe, *Grace.*
whom boſome friend's I make.
With glorious ſaints and Angels I *Glory.*
eternally ſhall dwell.
Lord! raiſe me up to magnifie, *Refl.*
this Grace that doth excel.

(11.)

The form of godlineſs I loath'd, *Nature.*
which Sons of God profeſs;
Now with its power compleatly cloath'd *Grace.*
with all my heart I preſs.
The price of that high Call at laſt, *Glory.*
I am in hope to gain.
Lord! why ſhould all this grace be caſt *R.*
upon a Wretch ſo vain.

(12.)

Of earth, an earthly man I was, *Nature.*
and earthly things did mind:
But now am brought from earth, alas! *Grace.*
yet here I ſtay behind.
But ſhortly from the Earth I ſhall *Glory.*
rais'd, and tranſlated be.
Admired kindneſs, that at all *Refl.*
God ſhould have thoughts of me!

(13)

In Hell's black Region was my place, *Nature.*
dark as the blackeſt night;
But now enlightned I through Grace, *Grace.*
Walk as a Child of Light.
With Light which morta's cannot ſee, *Glory.*
I ſhortly hope to dwell:
What marvellous Grace is this to me, *Refl.*
ſav'd from the loweſt Hell!

(14)

Nature. A Babe was I in open field,
cast out in Blood, and loath'd;
Grace. Grace passing by, a skirt did yield,
I now am wash't and cloath'd.
Glory. With Robes immortal yet I wait,
in glory to be rais'd:
Rest. This is so surpassing great,
it cannot be display'd.

(15)

Nature. A stranger from my Fathers face,
by nature I remain'd;
Grace. But to be call'd his Friend, by Grace,
I have at length obtain'd.
Glory. His fixed favourite in bliss,
eternal I shall be.
Rest. O! what transcendent love is this,
to such a Wretch as me?

(16)

Nature. At enmity with God I stood,
a Rebel fierce and wild;
Grace. By shedding of my Saviours Blood,
I now am reconcil'd,
Glory. Then saved by his Life much more,
I hope and wait to be,
Rest. Lord, I would humbly thee adore,
who thus hast saved me.

(17)

Nature God's Righteous Law for wickedness,
my conscience did condemn,
Grace. But now through Christ's own Righteousness
I'm justifi'd in him.
Glory. I hope for that refreshing day,
which will Salvation bring:
Rest. Who can the faithfulness display,
of my dear Lord and King.

18. Once

(18.)

Once as a guilty Soul aſtray, *Nature.*
from God I fled for fear.
Now by the new and living Way, *Grace.*
with boldneſs I draw near.
The day's approaching when Above *Glory.*
I ſhall with God abide.
Dear Soul, this thought ſurpaſſing love, *Reſl.*
in ſilence do not hide.

(19)

In Satan's Kingdom I lay chain'd, *Nature.*
a willing fetter'd ſlave:
But Chriſt my liberty hath gain'd *Grace.*
choice freedom now I have.
Of Heavenly free *Jeruſalem*, *Glory.*
I Citizen ſhall be.
How can I do enough for him, *Reſl.*
who all this did for me?

(20)

From any bond to Righteouſneſs, *Nature.*
I once was wholly free:
But now made free to righteouſneſs, *Grace.*
its ſervant I would be.
In Righteouſneſs I hope to raign, *Glory.*
when ſin ſhall tempt no more.
Let not this Grace be all in vain, *Reſl.*
laid richly thus in ſtore.

(21.)

Through guilt and wrath which once I ſaw, *Nature.*
my terrors did increaſe:
But now deliver'd from the Law, *Grace.*
by faith I live in peace.
Of Faith I ſhall obtain the end, *Glory.*
in full Salvation then.
How doth this grace of God tranſcend, *Reſl.*
the utmoſt thoughts of men.

(22)

Nature. My hopes, with falſe foundations propt,
oft turn'd into deſpair.
Grace. But now its Anchor ſafely dropt,
doth true rejoycings rear.
Glory. Things hop'd-for ſhall be full injoy'd,
no work for hope in ſight.
Reſt. O Bleſſedneſs! to be imployd,
in acts of pure delight.

(23)

Nature. No right to promiſes had I,
or words that tend to ſave;
Grace. Now promiſes I can apply,
to all, true right I have.
Glory. All heavenly Bleſſings promiſed,
I fully ſhall partake.
Reſt. Why ſtand I thus diſtinguiſhed,
alone for mercies ſake?

(24)

Nature. Born from beneath, as Satan's Brat,
Hell's heritage did find me;
Grace. But God, who me by grace begat,
Heir of the World aſſign'd me.
Glory. An heir of God, joynt-heir with Chriſt
in Heaven I ſhall dwell.
Reſt. Lord! leave me not to be intic't,
this Heritage to ſell.

(25)

Nature. My Fence departed, unto harms
I daily was expos'd;
Grace. But lodg'd in everlaſting arms,
I ſafely am inclos'd.
Glory. A Mount impregnable e're long,
God will about me raiſe:
Reſt. Oh! put an everlaſting Song,
into my mouth of praiſe.

(26)

By works of my own Righteouſneſs, the way to Heaven I ſought, — *Nature.*
Of truſting to it more or leſs, I now abhor the thought. — *Grace.*
In Righteouſneſs, without a ſpot, I ſhall preſented be. — *Glory.*
Admired be my bleſſed Lot, lay'd up in Chriſt for me. — *Reſt.*

(27)

My ſingle ſelf, in ſenſual luſt, as my chief end I ſought: — *Nature.*
But chiefly now contrive I muſt, God may have honour brought. — *Grace.*
To give him glory ſtill in bliſs, my work will ſhortly be. — *Glory.*
With joy unſpeakable will this, imployment raviſh me. — *Reſt.*

28.

Like a loſt Sheep, or Goat, or Son, diſtreſſes did ſurround me, — *Nature.*
But in this Deſart ſtate undone, ſweet Jeſus ſought and found me. — *Grace.*
And ſhortly to my long'd-for home, me in his armes will bring. — *Glory.*
Ah! what high raiſed Songs become, my beauteous glorious king? — *Reſt.*

(29.)

Through darkneſs then upon my mind, I nothing knew nor learn'd; — *Nature.*
Through gracious teachings now I find deep things in part diſcern'd. — *Grace.*
Through perfect Viſion all things I ſhall know as I am known: — *Glory.*
His glory to eternity his Praiſes ſhall be ſhown. — *Reſt.*

(30.)

Nature. Beſt ſervices I then perform'd,
a loathſome ſtink did make:
Grace. Weak ſervices are now adorn'd
and ſweet for Jeſus ſake.
Glory. A Reward, not of Debt but Grace,
ſuch ſervices ſhall Crown.
Reſl. 'Tis wonderful that God ſhould place,
on Duſt, ſuch great renown.

(31.)

Nature. Sin did God's Image quite deface,
and like a beaſt beſot me.
Grace. But dignities beſtow'd by Grace,
rais'd like a Prince hath got me.
Glory. Yet more transform'd I wait to be,
like Angels who excel:
Reſl. What glorious Grace is this to me,
a firebrand pluckt from Hell?

(32)

Nature. Both Sin, and Satan, as their own,
my Members did inherit.
Grace. But now this Body is the Throne,
a Temple of the ſpirit.
Glory. And though in vileneſs 'twill be ſown,
'twill Spiritually be rais'd
Reſl. Since God ſuch glorious depths makes known
how ſhould this Grace be prais'd;

(33.)

Nature. God's glory into ſhame I turn'd,
and in that ſhame did boaſt;
Grace. Now things for which my luſt then burn'd
I bluſh and loath them moſt.
Glory. But far above all ſin and ſhame,
I ſhall be rais'd on high:
Reſl. Lord ſet me on a gracious frame,
thy Name to magnifie

(34.)

All dirt and mire among the pots, *Nature.*
you might my viſage ſee,
But now, though mixt with waves and ſpots, *Grace*
fair as the Moon I be.
My raiſed Glory ſhall at laſt, *Glory.*
The Suns bright Beams out-ſhine:
How could eternal life be plac't *Reſl.*
on Souls ſo black as mine?

(35.)

Within the Region once I ſate, *Nature.*
of Death's dark dreadful Shade,
In Light's Dominion now of late, *Grace.*
to ſit down I am made.
A throne of glorious Life at length, *Glory.*
reſerv'd in Promiſe lies:
Lord lead thy worm from ſtrength to ſtrength *Reſl.*
ſuch precious Grace to prize.

For young *Joſeph Branch.*

(1.)

THe names that Holy men of old
did on their Children ſet,
Some myſteries tended to unfold,
ſome teachings to beget.
Some works of God in ancient dayes
were to remembrance brought;
Or ſome inſtructions for their wayes,
was thus kept in their thought.

(2.)

This way our wanton age diſguſts;
our names have other ends:
The rich thus gratifie their Luſts,
the poor thus pleaſe their Friends.

Yet

Yet ſometimes Providence is known
tradition to out-reach;
That names, at unawares beſtown,
ſome Goſpel truths do preach.

(3.)

And what ſhould hinder but I might,
ſuch leſſons learn in mine;
Did Parents teach me and the light
of grace upon me ſhine.
Of Holy *Joſeph* I might learn,
a fruitful *Bough* to be,
And Chriſt the *Branch*, I might diſcern
a living Root to me.

(4)

Alas! A branch by nature now
of a wild Vine I be,
Of the degenerated Bough,
of thee wild-Olive-tree.
My root is rottenneſs like duſt,
my bloſſoms will aſcend;
My grapes are *Sodom's* pride and luſt,
to death my cluſters tend.

(5.)

Can pricking Bryar, or grieving thorn,
good grapes in cluſters bear;
Are figgs upon the Thiſtle born,
will any ſeek them there?
A root of bitterneſs can nought,
but gall and wormwood bring.
No wholſome water can be brought
from a corrupted ſpring.

(6.)

Manured nature forth may bring
a lovely Branch to ſight,
With leaves and bloſſoms of the Spring,
and ſhades of great delight.
But if no fruit it doth afford
as Chriſt expects to find;
The Figg-tree dry'd, or *Jonas*-Gourd,
my dreadful ſtate do mind.

7. What

What (once fair) Branches may I ſpy,
of fruit and leaves bereft?
Who living may be ſaid to dye,
to men, and burning left.
What great appearance once they made,
with coſt were dig'd and dreſt,
They yielded an increaſing ſhade,
and promis'd with the beſt.

(8.)

But like the Ivy, hardly known,
on other Branches hung
Their Root was properly their own
though to the rind they clung.
But now the Fan and Axe are brought,
to purge and caſt away:
Such fruitleſs figg-trees come to nought,
ſuch empty Vines decay.

(9)

True, the Vine-dreſſer yet intreats,
that digg'd or dung'd they be;
If precepts, promiſes, or threats,
may better them or me.
But to our root the axe is put,
If no good fruit be found,
This is the ſentence, down them cut;
why cumber they the ground?

(10)

Inſtruction I ſhould learn from hence,
How vile a branch I be;
Unleſs, in a new-cov'nant ſenſe,
a death ſhall paſs on me.
Unleſs from *Adam* I be cut
as ſtanding in the law,
And by a new ingrafture put
Chriſts life and ſap to draw.

(11)

Might I in that true Vine be found
a branch that bides alive;
And from that root and plant-renown'd
might fat and fruit derive.

Like *Joſeph*'s would my fruitful-Bough
by Well and Wall be ſent,
Nay, though the Archers griev'd me now
my Bow would bide in bent.

(12.)

Then in the ſchorching years of drought,
when moiſture others want;
I ſhould retain both leaves and blowth,
and flouriſh like a plant.
Till planted by the Cryſtal brooks,
in Paradice I be,
Where Gods fruit-ripening ſhining looks
ſhall ſtill be fixt on me.

Verſes ſent by an unknown Hand, to Captain Sampſon Lark, in Exon-Priſon with a Reſpond.

DIverſion breeds delight, delight prepares
for action, action is the leach of cares:
When one from t'other in this wiſe proceed,
Then of Diverſion ſometime you have need.
Cares only ſinful actions muſt expell,
Which none but lawful actions can do well:
And lawful actions breed a chaſt delight,
Which flows from good diverſion when its right.
If lawful actions ſhoot out ſinful care;
And chaſt delight doth for ſuch acts prepare;
And good Diverſion breeds ſuch chaſt delight:
Have at the mark! Sure, this will hit the white!
Though you are moſtly known to me by fame,
Yet I'le make bold to deſcant on your name:
Names to the things ſometimes do well agree,
As, in your name, whoever will may ſee.
When this agreement ſhall to light be brought,
All men will ſay, your name is not for nought:
Lark is your name, and Larks moſt ſweetly ſing,
When they are mounted higheſt on the wing:
Your towring Soul ſometimes mounts up on high,
And ſings its ſweeteſt notes above the ſky.

The

The Lark feeds clean and can no filth abide.
To *Common-prayer* ſhould you a month be ty'd;
I am perſwaded, I may ſafely ſay,
You'ld live on that as well as Larks by Hay:
The Lark's a Princely Diſh, though ſmall to ſight,
The Peſtle of a Lark, is worth a Kite.
One Hour's diſcourſe with you more gain affords,
Then years acquaintance with ſome greater Birds.
But there's a ſeaſon when Larks may be caught,
A month in which the ſilly Bird doth dote:
And then the Fowlers uſe to ſet their Gin,
They leave their ſtall, their lure, the glaſs wherein
The Birds behold a falſe, though gliſtering Sun,
And tempted by it to the lure do come:
And to it play, which when the Fowler ſees,
He makes no doubt but ſuch a Lark is his.
The cunning Fowlers they have ſet their gin,
Good Sir, beware leaſt they ſhould draw you in:
Should you be caught they'l make a ſtall of you,
To tice in others as they uſe to do.
Sir keep aloft, and ſtoop not to their glaſs;
Leſt what I do but hint, ſhould com to paſs.
I wiih, the Proverb may in this prove true;
Till the sky falls, they'l ne'r catch ſuch as you.
I am no Poet nor a Poet's Son,
As you may gueſs by what I now have done;
Yet pray accept what I in love do ſend,
Although it come from ———
Your concea led friend.

Reſpond.

DUll *Genius* rouze, for ſhame awaken, Hear k
What mourning melody ſalutes the Lark:
What meetred muſick, what Seraphick ſtraines,
What curious warblings eccho thr ough the plains.
The ſinger to retirement is dipoſed.
No name, nor Character, muſt be diſcloſed.
The ſtrain tranſcends (vail'd) in ſome ſhady buſh)
The Gold-bill'd *Black-bird* or the dapple *Thruſh.*

Outvies the Nightingal or turtles voice,
The notion's raviſhing, th'anointing's choice.
Some Zions ſinger in a ſable coat!
Stop, ceaſe thus gueſſing, Hark, attend his note.
His quick intelligence on Eagle's wings,
Yields Piercing inſight through terreſtrial things:
He ſees, and ſmiles, at mens phanatick rage,
In cloiſtering unſhorn-*Sampſon* in a Cage;
Beſides the vain attempts, to clip the wing,
Or to inhibit Birds inſpir'd to ſing.
But here he's out, miſtaking he admires
Lark's worth in act, which is but in deſires;
He ſpies the ſtratagems, bewrayes the wiles,
Wherewith the Fowler ſilly Larks beguiles.
He warns of dangers, needful counſel drops,
Foreſtalls ſurpriſal, hints cœleſtials props.
Both heaven and earth his lot muſt needs commend
Who hath ſuch a ſeal'd, though concealed, Friend.
Friend do not ceaſe, thy outcry to prefer,
Slack not thy witneſs from thy mount of Mirrh.
Although the Rock of ages thee immure,
Where Bread's aſcertain'd, and where water's ſure;
Though out of dread and gunſhot thou abide,
Thy Talent in a napkin do not hide.
From Mount-Communion Goſpel-depths diſcloſe,
If not in Meeter, yet in Nervous Proſe.
For, If to birds incag'd thy ſtrains be rare.
Thev'l more be priz'd by birds in th'open air.
Direct thy muſick to the ſhady Wood,
Where for a covert, and to pick their food
The ſometime numerous flock, diſperſed lie,
Expos'd to ſinkings, and deſign'd to die:
Let pitty move you, yea let grace incline
Your yearning Bowels, by a power divine:
Sing heaps of Wheat; Birds of the Golden-feather,
Will fly like clouds, then flock like Doves together.
Ne'r fear the Vulturs that are now abroad,
Your Covert-work and wages, are of God.
Ile not detain you but conclude, and end,
Your no-way tired, though retired, Friend.

A Coppy of Verſes, Compoſed and ſent me from *London*, by a Child of 12 years o Age.

OH what is man! that God ſhould mindful be
Of ſuch a Brute, of ſuch a Beaſt as he!
Admire the goodneſs of the Lord of lords,
That he ſuch mercy unto man affords:
Man, that's but durt, or clay, or ſome ſuch thing.
Oh! then admire the goodneſs of our King!
When firſt the Lord created man, then he
Did give him grace to live eternally.
Then he did fill him with his holy Spirit,
And gave him power, eternal joy to merit.
Thus man, by his own power and ſtrength doth ſtand
The ſubtil Serpent comes with a ſtrong hand
To try mans power, and to ſhake his faith
Thus to the woman he begins and ſaith
Come ſilly woman; hath God ſaid that ye
Are not to eat of the forbidden Tree?
The woman, anſwering to the Serpent, ſaid,
We are to eat of all that God hath made,
But from the tree that in the midſt doth ſtand,
We are commanded to refrain our hand.
The ſubtil Serpent gat the day at laſt,
And made poor *Eve* and *Adam* be laid faſt,
In mire and dirt and filth of ſinful ſin;
Which made poor *Adam* Gods great curſe to win.
For when the woman ſaw the tree was good
And that 'twould make one wiſe, alſo for food;
She takes the fruit of the forbidden tree,
And gave ſome to her husband; and when he
Had taken of the fruit, he condeſcended
To eat likewiſe, ſo to the Serpent bended.
Now God perceiving man had quite loſt all
This great perfection, had before his fall;
And that there was no way for him to ſtand:
He thinks how he might put an helping hand.

Though feeble man's thus fallen, and quite loſt,
God calls his Son, and therein ſpares no coſt,
Who ſure is able all their ſins to bear
Yea though their ſins were twice as many more.
Come, my dear Son! come wilt thou undertake
To bear thoſe Sinners ſins; do, for my ſake.
Come, my dear Son; redeem loſt man for me,
I have no way to ſave him, but by thee.
If thou wilt be a ſurety for mankind,
I'le covenant with thee (dear Son,) and bind
My ſelf to give thee ſtrength and glorious power,
For to go through the torments of that hour,
In which thou Juſtice art to Satisfie,
I ſay againe to thee, I will ſtand by.
Our Lord and Saviour, willing for man's ſake,
To dye for him, he did this office take,
And ſo well did perform his charge, that he
Poor man from chaines of darkneſs did ſet free,
By offering up himſelf a Sacrifice,
He paid the debt, that did for ſin ariſe,
So that the higheſt heavens doth now aſcend
To God the Father, and from thence doth ſend
His holy Spirit, to lead in the way,
And guide us, leſt we erre and go aſtray.
All praiſe be given unto the Lord of lords,
Who of his Grace much help to us affords,
And let us all our dayes expreſs the ſame,
In honour of his great and glorious Name.

An Anſwer being deſired, This fragment being but a part of what was intended.

Kind Friend,
When firſt I purpos'd freely to rehearſe
The courteous welcome of your rare ripe verſe;
With what delight, your promptneſs we'd eſcry
With what thanks-givings we God's teachings eye?
How wit's dexterity aſcends its place,
Yea how it proſtrates to enthroned grace:
On this deſign, there need not be impreſt,
Our rural requiſites to do their beſt. Our

Our empty *Genius* would attempt the wing;
Our home-ſpun dialect, its ſtore would bring:
Wit, if its wit aſſiſtance would afford
And wanton mirth turn-out its frothy hoord.
But all their work were fitter for the plough,
Than wreath a Garland for your hopeful brow.

For, look as hazy morning-miſts give way,
When gliſtering *Phœbus* doth his beams diſplay;
Or as with gentleſt touch the fearful ſnail
Contracts his cornets, and ſlow ſilvering tail:
So ſlunk, and ſhrunk, for ſhame, ſuch vain eſſayes,
By ſound rebukes from your grave gracious layes.

Since then, no concord can be but a claſh
'Twixt the beſt ſubſtance, and this filthy traſh,
No ſtreams, nor frames, can ſquare with the deſign,
But aid and arguments throughout divine;
What great neceſſity upon us lies,
For that anointing to prefer our cryes;

That's promis'd and prepared to direct,
Through paths of Myſt'ries ſecrets to detect,
Things hid from ages, from the voice to hide
Of fleſhly glory, to abaſe the pride.
While Babes and ſucklings, weak, baſe empty things,
Into the knowledg of theſe depths he brings.

Oh then what purity ſhould ſuch direct,
As lively leadings in ſuch paths expect?
What chaſt conceptions, yea what frames refin'd
Should ſtill accommodate the waiting mind?
And then how thankful ſhould they trembling ſtand,
Who need ſuch leadings from this Holy Hand?
Joy, watch, with Jealouſie, moſt ſafely keeps
Their feet who walk through ſuch miſterious deeps.

Sweet Soul, for you is prayd in early dayes,
What *Iſrael's* finger upon high did raiſe
Their mirth and muſick who bare conquering palms
Prompted to ſing the Lamb's and *Moſes* Pſalms;
Which none but Zions Virgins can acquire,
Tun'd to the ſacred Evangelick lyre

May your dear Soul the power and vertue find
Of that great Compact which your ſong dot hmind ;
How neer how pure the blood of ſprinkling makes,
What glorious priviledge the Saint partakes.
What helps to holineſs it brings to hand,
On what firm Baſis all his comforts ſtand ;
What grounds for conſtant triumph it affords,
What ſweet ingagements, ſtill to be the Lords ;
What bleſſed proſpects through theſe clouds it gives
To Zions joy, that its redeemer lives :
And that he haſts to pluck from Satan's jaws,
And give reviving to his bleſſed cauſe.

A Friend his Offer towards the preſerving The remembrance of that faithful ſervant of Chriſt *John* (e) *Edwards junior*, who died in the Priſon of *Exon.* the 27th. year of his age.

John (e) *Edwards.*
Anagram.
Inward He do's
or,
He Do's Inward.

WHen Satan ſhuts up Saints *in ward*, his might
Is bent to quench, at leaſt, obſcure their light,
To quel their ſpirits, to diſtract their mind
That they no heart no hand for work ſhould find.
But here's a Conquerer in ſpight of foes
His fathers buſineſs, though in *Ward He Does* : (ches ;
He Does much *inward* work, he writes, Prays, Prea-
The ſaints and ſinners, through his grate he reaches.
Nay ſtill he ſpeaks : It don't that work obſtruct,
Though, from his priſon, he to reign be pluckt,
This voids that argument, we muſt comply,
Or, if in bonds, muſt ceaſe our Miniſtry.

John (e) *Edwards*
Anagram.
He'd draw Sion,
He'd Sion ward.

From

From Hell's black region yea through *Sinai's* ſhade
New covenant conduct plain his paſſage made:
From threatned ſtrokes, which wiſely he foreſaw,
And from ſins haſtening them *He'd Sion draw*:
He'd draw ſouls *Sion ward*, with dexterous art
Inform their Judgments, then attract their heart.
His worth and Sions lyes not much obſcur'd?
Well, though he liv'd contemn'd, and dy'd immur'd
When *Jeſus* comes, he'l in his Lot remain:
He ſlept to wake, he died to live again.

Johannes Edwardus
Anagram.
Heav'nd Sion-wards.

THis ſerious Sioniſt his race purſues; (news.
whilſt young men languiſh, ſtill his ſtrength re-
Through *Bacahs* vale, he plyes from ſtrength to
To appear in *Sion* is his ſcope at length. (ſtrength,
With Princely ſtaves, He (ſlighting carnal tools)
Digs pits on earth, Heaven daily fils his pools.
In this his progreſs through the Kings-high-way
He meets with *heaven*, *heaven* meets him day by day:
Till of a ſuddain midſt his travelling night,
An Heavenly Chariot caught him out of ſight.
Ah wretched I! how Earth my courſe retards;
Lord let me be as he, *Heav'n'd Sion-wards.*

Upon the Grave-ſtone of *Anaſtis Mayow* and her Child laid in the ſame Grave in *Dartmouth*,

Anaſtis Mayow
Anagram.
Aim at Sions way.

TIll *Jeſus* comes, this bed the duſt contains
Of a ſweet Sioniſt, diſcharg'd from pains.
Whoſe aim at *Sions way*, was took aright:
That path ſhe travel'd, with increaſing might:
That race ſhe finiſh'd in her youthfulday.
Though dead, ſhe ſpeaketh: *Aim at Sions way.*

On

On her young Child dying ſhortly after.

SPectators! Heed death's quick purſuit,
But now the Tree, and now the fruit:
Yet his attempts are all but vain,
For Tree and Fruit ſhall ſpring again.

On Mr. *Fowler* of *Lime* and his Wife.

William Fowler
Anagram.
Worm will fail.

WHat's man at beſt? a *worm*. Can *worms avail*
About eternal things? A *worm will fail*.
Mortals, be warn'd by me, reclaim your truſt
From man, a *worm*, reducible to duſt.

Martha Fowler
Anagram.
The formal war.

TWixt fleſh and ſpirit once in me,
the formal war was raiſed:
Now grace hath got the victory,
the Bleſſed God be praiſed!
The triumphs of the Crowning day
with Jeſus are not far:
Let nothing (Saints) your faith diſmay,
nor dread *the formal war*.

In memory of that ſervant of Chriſt, *Ed. Cock of Plym.* Who reſted from his labours the 23*d.* of the 5th. Month 1666.

Edward Cock
Anagram.
A dewed Rock.

IF *Rizpah*'s offer from her Princely mind,
Such Royal favour did with *David* find;
When ſhe, with tears and tenderneſs, had ſpread
A ſable ſackcloth to conceal the dead.

Nay

Nay, clad with this attire the mournful *Rock*,
Where hung the Off-ſpring of *Saul*'s Royal ſtock,
From Birds and Beaſts, them day and night to keep
Till from above the cloudes on them did weep
Nay, till their bones the Kings command did gather
And lay in ſtate and honor with their father:
Till Harveſt's end, till three years famine ceaſe,
Till God was pacifi'd, the Land at Peace.
Why may not I at leaſt allowed be
This Paper Canopie to ſpread on thee?
Dear Heaven-born, Royally deſcended *Cock*
Not to obſcure thee, nor *thy dewed Rock*.
Thou art ſecured, in a better way,
From teeth or claws of birds, or beaſts of prey;
From ſtrife of tongues, and from the foot of pride
Thy Fathers Royal ſecret tent doth hide.
As for the *Rock*, whereon thou end'ſt thy dayes,
Its none of *Gilboa's the Dew* bewrayes, (clung
Thy roots were watered, though to ſtones they
And all night long dew on thy branches hung.
Thy fleece with drops was filled from on high,
When round about, the parched ground was dry.
Yet ſtill as *Jacobs* fountain dropt on thee
At ſecond hand they round ſhould *dewed* be.
From thence thy firſt and latter rain did drop.
Which fill'd thy ears, and ſo inrich'd thy crop.
Thy ear-ripe harveſt God's command did ſhew,
Thou ſhouldſt be bleſſed with mount Zions *dew*.
On this high Rock where thou wert made to ride,
Honey and butter flow'd on every ſide.
This ſtrong munition did thy peace ſecure,
Thy bread was given thee, and thy water ſure.
Thy ſepulcher thou in this *Rock* didſt hew,
Yet ſtill remain'ſt; *as dew* of herbs thy *dew*.
Thy fleſh abides in hope, though't dwell in duſt;
With Chriſt's dead Body, riſe and ſing it muſt.
It's but a little while, untill the King
Shall make the dwellers of this *Rock* to ſing.

A friendly attempt to call to remembrance the precious Saviour *of that gracious Soul,* *Mrs.* Margaret Trenick, *late wife of Mr.* Thomas Trenick, *of* Plymouth: *who departed this life the* 30*th. day of the ſecond Month (vul.* January) *Anno* 1665, *being the* 27*th. year of her age.* Pſal. 12. 1.

Margaret Trenick,
Anagram
Art creating meeker.

My ſlumbring Muſe hath me invited,
A ſong with ſighs in hand to take:
But with ſuch work not much delighted,
She ſhrunk and ſlunk, eſcapes to make:
Great indiſpoſedneſs appears
In mind and Members to this thing;
Yea throngs of doubtings, clouds, and fears,
Diſcouraging excuſes bring.
But under great ingagements I'le go ſeek her,
For thy ſweet ſake who art creating meeker.

But Oh, How treat of Chriſt can I?
Or of his Grace-begetting write?
Creating is a Theam too high,
Unleſs th' Anointing all indite.
Beſides, it is a ſight ſo rare
To ſee *Creating*-grace diſplay
The Everlaſting Arm made Bare,
Who will believe in it one day!
Becomes me beſt, to own my ſelf a ſeeker,
Can this thing be? Thou art creating meeker.

But when I fix my ſerious thought
Upon the task I'm undertaking;
A lively inſtance forth is brought,
Of a meek ſoul, *yet meeker making*

A Lamb-like temper at the firſt
In nature beautifi'd her morn;
But 'twas not *Adam* form'd of duſt,
Whoſe meekneſs could her Soul adorn:
Till Chriſt in meekneſs comes, himſelf to ſeek her,
And ſpeaks with power, Thou are creating meeker.

This new-Creation progreſs found,
From ſtrength to ſtrengh by meekning grace;
By oppoſitions gaining ground
Till ſhe had finiſhed her race.
Through ſoul diſtreſſes, doubts, delays,
Which others meekneſs oft times tire;
She meekly walkt to Chriſts high Praiſe
Her meekneſs, by theſe ſteps got higher.
Nay when grim death to ruine all did ſeek her,
This truth was ſeal'd, Th' art yet creating meeker.

Margaret Trenick
Anagram
Greater Mercie tak'n.

While earth's foundations cannot ſtand,
while powers of heaven are ſhaken;
Me God hath from great plagues at hand,
In greater Mercy taken.

Friends, do not grieve, then that by me
this wretched worlds forſaken;
Here to be left might mercie be,
But *greater Mercy taken.*

In duſt I ſleep now freed from tears,
But ſhortly ſhall awaken:
And ſhall be, when my Chriſt appears,
In *greater Mercy taken.*

Ye might have one day wept to ſee
Me ſigh, as one forſaken;
But now, Triumph that Chriſt hath me
To *Greater Mercy taken.*

Margaret Trenick.
Anagram
Mark retreating.

The bleſſed ſubject of this mournful verſe,
Tranſcends my skill, her praiſes to reherſe.
The lively grace which in her youth did ſhine,
Reflects convictions on this Soul of mine.
How ſhort of her I am in patient waiting,
And how unskil'd, aright *to make retreating.*

This age of deep revolt from truths profeſt,
Made ſad impreſſions on her heaven-born breſt;
Such as beſpoke her, griev'd in heart to ſee
Gods name blaſphem'd (by ſeeming Saints) to be:
This broke her ſleep, and mixt with tears her eating
To mark the madneſs of this times retreating.

Its true, ſhe talkt not much, made little noiſe,
Her cloſet-Friend, ſhe choſe ſhould hear her voice:
But her whole walk with God, and man bewray'd
Heart full of matter, Though not much ſhe ſaid.
For hers and others Souls her heart was beating,
To mark the ſteps and iſſues of *retreating.*
She choſe to walk a mournful ſoftly pace,
Weeping while waiting for her Father's face;
Sharp ſickneſs ſeal'd home love, but ſeaz'd her life,
Once a choice Virgin, Then a faithful Wife.

Both life and death, this Anagram repeating,
Behold the uprights end, but *mark retreating.*

Margaret Trenick,
Anagram
King rare matter.

A Dialogue betwixt a Queriſt, and her Anſwer.

Queriſt.

Dear heart! while living, Grace did much appear
In thy ſlow ſpeaking, who wert quick to hear,

But

But more, when death did thy crackt pitcher break
Thy lamp ſhines brighteſt & thou dead doſt ſpeak.
In this I acquieſce, yet fain would know
Why wert ſo mute, why too good ſpeech ſo ſlow?

Anſwer.

The Tempter on my Temper might prevail,
Some needful teaching ſometimes to conceal
Pretending eaſe, yet brought no ſolid reſt;
The fire increaſing in my panting breſt.
Which raiſ'd rebukes, convictions, griefs, ſo high,
As found no vent but through a weeping eye,

Queſt.

Was't all and only thy temptations then
Thou wert ſo mute among the Sons of men?
So ſcarcely ſociable, ſo retir'd
As made converſe with thee not much deſir'd?
Thy lips allow'd thy heart ſo little vent,
That few could fathom what thy muſing meant.

Anſ.

Nay ſometimes reaſonings of a higher kind,
Did that way Byaſs my poor pauſing mind;
I view'd and wept on a profeſſing age,
That talkt religion on a ſtately ſtage:
But ſo reproacht it by unworthy walking,
As made me dread their fellowſhip in talking.

Queſt.

But why among the Saints, thy dear delight,
Wert ſo reſerved, if not ſilent quite?
Their gracious ſpeeches drop as generous wine,
yet might have been more ſpic'd & warm'd by thine
'Tis wiſdoms way theſe waters deep to draw,
By frequent ſpeakings, yet with holy awe.

Anſ.

Beſides the Tempter's wiles, I oft bethought,
How ignorant I was, what need be taught;
How little I could ſpeak to others gain,
How I had ſpoke already much in vain,
Then begg'd a bridle on my lips might be,
Leſt I ſhould ſpeak what was not wrought in me.

Queriſt.

It's true, their talk involves both guilt and dangers,
Who boaſt of grace, wherero they are but ſtrangers,
But all who rightly knew thy Soul, could ſay
Ther's precious treaſure, though a ſtraightned way.
Nay, when death ſeiz'd thee, and thy ſtrength was ſpent,
What glorious matter preſt to have a vent!

Anſ.

I muſt confeſs (though forth I could not bring)
My heart conceiv'd *rare matter* for the King.
But my conceits were ſhatter'd, ſhort, and bare
Of ſuch high *matter*, heavenly-Royal, rare,
I could not ſpeak what I was apprehending,
Until my clouds, my ſtreights, & ſighs, were ending.

Margaret Trenick.
Anagram.
Make not Grace retire.

IF this Saint's name, inverted thus, affords
Such choice variety of teaching words;
What would her nature, her new nature, yield;
Had we traverſed that ſweet-ſmelling field?
But ſince with gravity it was inclos'd
Not ſeeking entrance, moſt its profit los'd.
Such boſome friends as did that key acquire
Found deeply graven, *Make not grace retire.*
Above the reſt, her yoak-fellow is left
To wail with bitterneſs, as one bereft
Of a choice Jewel, whoſe rare vertues lay (way.
In Boſome-ſtrengthnings, through Chriſts hated-
Her heavenly arguments, in ſecret dropt,
His fainting ſoul hath oft with Courage propt.
When he ran hazards, ſtill did her deſire
Keep conſcience tender, *Make not grace retire.*
Conſult not wife and children, would ſhe ſay;
Though we beg with you, in the Kings-high-way:
Be-ray not any truth what'ere 'twould get you,
Deſert no ſtation where the Lord hath ſet you.

Great

Great ſufferings rather chooſe, then little ſin:
A little ſpark may dreadful flames begin,
Set ſoveraign pleaſure in dominion higher:
Though Nature ſtartle, *Make not grace retire.*
Such words of wiſdom, dropt in gracious cools,
Speak louder than the cry that reigns with fools.
When husband ſlept, the pantings of her breaſt,
In frequent travail, held her eyes from reſt.
For clearer ſealings of her father's love,
For Sion's ſhowrs, and ſhinings from above.
She durſt not grieve, the ſpirit quench his fire,
Not make the leaſt true grace *of his retire.*
At laſt, ſhe beſt appear'd on fiery teſts,
When bonds, her Husband; Death, her ſelf arreſts.
When ſtript of ſtrength being forc't her husband left
Of all three ſons her father had bereſt her. (her
When friends ſtood trembling grace ſuch beams did
As rais'd with triumph fil'd with joy her heart. (dart
These firſt fruits of the Kingdom, ſet her higher
Than that the tempter ſhould *make grace retire.*
Sweet Soul! She now a glorious reſt obtains
From all her outward pangs, her inward paines.
Relation dues ſhe long'd ſo to perform,
As griev'd to leave him in this diſmal ſtorm.
They ceaſe to bind her: Theſe cares ended are:
To be with *Jeſus* ſhe finds better fare.
To ſuch rare patterns might my ſoul aſpire!
Not grieving Chriſt, *Not making grace retire.*

An Epitaph.

GIve heed, Spectators: In this grave's involv'd
A coſtly Cabinet to be diſſolv'd;
With wondrous wiſdom richly rarely wrought,
And by great exerciſes aptly brought
To lodge, ſubſerve, and openly to tender
An heavenly Jewel, this age rich to render.
But its new workmanſhip in worth did riſe it.
To ſuch vaſt value this world could not prize it.

They'd foils indeed, to ſhade it wiſely ſet,
And on its outſide ſome diſtempers met:
On which the world did with contempt inſiſt,
Till their enriching market-time they miſt.
So little knows this crooked generation
Their things for Peace, or dayes of Viſitation:
Like them of old, cry, *Barrabas* ſet free,
Diſpatch the Heir, the Vineyard ours ſhall be.
But the great owner marks not jealous eyes
This age's aptitude to ſlight, deſpiſe,
And ſcorn his tenders of the richeſt gem,
Crown-Jewels, nay the royal diadem;
And vext to ſee in this provoking world,
His precious treaſure baſely kick't and hurl'd.
Determines, Earth's not worthie to contain
His Royal retinue his Princely train
Or theſe rich treaſures which they gladly bring,
And freely offer to endear their King.
In wrath he ſeems to ſpeak, my Saints, retire
To your ſtrong Tower, from my approaching Ire;
Come draw off from the gap, deſert the breach,
Let me and them alone: To pray, to preach,
Reprove, or witneſs in the gate's, a crime.
Prudent, keep ſilence, 'tis an evil time:
In Dens and caves a remnant I will hide,
In Priſon holes ſome precious ones ſhall bide:
Some from their homes and land diſpell'd ſhall be,
To bear a witneſs, and ſtand ground for me.
But, from your uſefulneſs to this vile age
More then to ſhew their ſin, diſcloſe their rage,
And aggravate their Judgment, I diſcharge you
Yet in due ſeaſon Ile again enlarge you.
Nay, ſtrange not, If I gather from your ſight
Some gems of honour, ſtones of great delight.
I break and hide my Cabinet in duſt,
Transfer my jewels where's no moth, nor ruſt;
With juſt mens ſouls in light to ſet them down,
A conſtellation in a ſplendid Crown.
Till Chriſt appear, his Jewels to collect,
To raiſe his dead, to change his quick elect;

Their

Their ſpirits, ſouls, and bodies to tranſlate
In bleſſed likeneſs to his raiſed ſtate.
The King of glory ſwiftly thus diſpos'd
Of our choice *Margaret* not yet diſclos'd
In her inriching worthineſs to all,
Till, *come up hither*, was her bleſſed Call.
Ah wretched age (muſt we in it remain?)
Which ſins away ſuch Jewels, to their gain,
But our loſs irreparable; unleſs
The quickening Spirit from on high poſſeſs
The Remnant that is left, but ſcattered lie
About the graves, as bones exceeding dry.
Lord haſt, that bleſſing which thy truth contains
Of its deſcending as the latter rains;
To uſher in the glory of thy day,
Thy Kingdom come! Sweet Jeſus, haſt away!

In Memory of that Example of the grace and power of God, Caleb Vernon, *who departed this life, the 29. day of the 9th. Month 1665. being aged twelve years, and ſix months*

Caleb Vernon
Anagram
Bore unclean,
New clean Robe.

Through Adam's *nature I unclean was bore,*
Through grace (betimes) Chriſt's new clean Robe I wore.

BY nature in my firſt eſtate,
A wretched babe was I;
In open field deſerving hate,
In bloud and filth did lie.
And in that ſtate I did delight,
As in my ſport and play;
And therein would with all my might,
Have wallowed night and day.

And though from groſs enormities,
I might by men be clear'd
Yet to my maker's ſearching eyes
Defil'd I all appear'd.
Though nature with a pregnant wit,
And comelineſs adorn me;
And education adds to it,
To teach, reſtrain, reform me:
What prov'd it but deceiving paint
On which defiling ſin
It did not kill, but lay reſtraint
Where outrage would begin.
A pleaſant picture to the eye
I hereby might appear;
By which to cloſe-Idolatry:
Some might be drawn (I fear)
But God, that faithful he might be
That deadly ſnare to break,
And that right early unto me
He grace and peace might ſpeak:
With tenderneſs on theſe intents
He ſtrips me of my vaile;
My coſtly coverings all he rents
My countenance makes pale.
My comlineſs to rot he turns
My witty words to groans;
My moiſture up with drought he burns,
Diſcloſeth all my bones.
And in a day of publick Ire
Me theſe rebukes did meet,
When Peſtilence as burning fire
ſlew thouſands at his feet.
I who to bloſſom did begin,
with ſuch fair paint before;
Now as the early fruit of ſin
This Character I wore.
Deſpiſed Idol, broke to earth
A Potſheard no way fit,
To take up fire out of the hearth,
Or water from the pit.

But though, neer corruptible duſt,
This curious Frame was brought.
By gracious pleaſure ſtay it muſt,
Till nobler work were wrought.
Till deep convictions of my ſin,
Till Jeſus form'd in me?
Till as my portion I begin,
The Lord's dear Chriſt to ſee.
Till all my ſins were done away,
Till terrours made me ceaſe;
Till heart and mind could ſweetly ſtay
In thought ſurpaſſing peace.
Nay till in an accepted day,
My homage I could bring,
And in his inſtituted way,
Devote me to the King.
Till Chriſt put on, his works allow'd,
His dying marks imbrac'd,
His cauſe confeſt, his works avow'd,
His ſufferings boldly fac'd.
His promiſe for a portion took,
Saints for companions choſe.
And on him plac'd a fixed look,
For future free diſpoſe.
Since then in an unuſual way
Rich Grace hath thus array'd me;
And in my young, yet dying day,
With glory overlay'd me.
What properly ſhould I deſire,
But, now diſſolv'd to be:
And in this Marriage-white Attire
My Bride-groom's face to ſee?
In *Kedar* who would not bemoan,
If there he muſt reſide.
Oh wretched man! Who would not groan,
In ſinful fleſh to bide;
Who'ld lodge in ſuch a naſty ſhade,
As torturing tottering ſtands,
That hath a palace ready made
Not with polluted hands?

Where ſin, temptation, ſuffering, ſtriſe,
ſhall fully be deſtroyed.
All-Dying, ſwallow'd up of life,
and God at full injoy'd.
What ailes my Parents then to weep,
my friends to be diſmay'd?
Relations ſuch ado to keep,
to ſee a Child unray'd?
Its filthy garments kay'd in duſt,
he lay'd, repoſe to take.
Untill the morning when he muſt,
with *New clean Robes* awake.
May this a witneſs be to truth
in this back ſliding day,
A Chriſtal mirrour unto youth,
How to amend its way. *Amen.*

Verſes affixed to the wall of the Priſon, at the *Guild-hall* in *Plymouth*: where *A. C.* was detained a month, and thence ſent to the Iſland, the 27th. *Sept.* 1665.

NIgh four years ſince, ſent out from hence,
To *Exon* Goal was I,
But ſpecial grace in three months ſpace,
wrought out my liberty.
Till *Bartholomew* in ſixy two,
that freedom did remain;
Then without Bail to *Exon* Gail,
I hurried was again.
Where having layn, as do the ſlain,
'mong dead men wholly free;
Full three years ſpace, my native place,
By leave I come to ſee.
And thought not then, I here again,
a months reſtraint ſhould find,
Since, to my Den, caſt out from men,
I'm during life deſign'd.

But

But ſince my lines the Lord aſſigns,
In ſuch a lot to be,
I kiſs the rod, confeſs, my God
deals faithfully with me.
My charged crime, in his due time,
He fully will decide,
And until then, forgiving men,
In peace with him I bide.

On the beginning of his recovering from a great ſickneſs, on the *Iſland of Plimouth.*

To his truly Sacred Majeſty, the High and Mighty Potentate, King of kings, and Lord of lords, Prince of Life and peace, Heir of all things, and Head over all to the Church.

The humble proſtrature, and thankfull acknowledgment, of a poor Priſoner of hope, whoſe life upon all accompts hath been marvellouſly preſerved, and delivered with a great Salvation from the pit of Corruption.

MOſt glorious Soveraign to thy feet is brought,
The trembling ofspring of a contrite thought
By a poor Captive who attempts to raiſe,
An *Eben-ezer* to his Saviours praiſe.
A laſting pillar as in Conſcience bound,
In due remembrance of choice favours found;
With Grace to ſuccour in a needful hour,
From death's dominion, and the Tempter's power.
But when thy worm reflects what can it bring,
Comporting with the grandeur of a King;
Of ſuch bright Majeſty, as Angels muſt
Their faces vaile before, ſhall ſinful duſt
Have bold acceſs, and kind acceptance meet,
For ſelf and ſervice at thy burning feet?

May Hair, a Badgers-skin, a widows mite,
From willing minds, find favour in thy ſight;
A pair of pidgeons, or a turtle Dove,
Find kind conſtruction from the God of love?
Is there more over-laid by the ſupply,
To help ſuch weakneſs in infirmity?
A coſtly covering doth thy grace provide,
Their blemiſhes to vail, their ſpots to hide,
Who from their ſenſe of need and duty bring
Their lowly homage to their lofty King?
On ſuch encouragements here trembling ſtands,
A contrite Walter though with empty hands.
Whoſe bag and basket ſpeak him to become,
More like a begger than a bringer home,
Who though he aimes and longs in this addreſs,
His utmoſt obligations to expreſs,
To charge his conſcience, and diſcharge his Vow,
Abandon other lords, to Jeſus bow;
Yet finds in all, that, void of Royal aid,
Nought worthy of thee can be thought or ſaid.
Apart from Chriſt the beſt attempts (alas,)
Are tinkling cymbals and as ſounding braſs,
Such ſtately ſtructures prove but wood and Hay.
I'th Teſt and conteſt of that burning day,
Theſe dear experiments ſo often tri'd;
All boaſting confidence from fleſh muſt hide.
Of ſelf-ſufficiency in beſt attire,
To form that work, or breath but that deſire,
Or think that thought, that can in juſtice claim,
One heavenly aſpect on its act or aim.
What then remaines, thy worm muſt proſtate fall,
While ſentence from thy preſence paſt on all,
Which ſelf hath gloried in, or fleſh hath gain'd,
With whatſoer'e to *Adam* appertain'd,
His wiſdom, will, his power, Delight, Deſire,
Or what his art, or induſtry acquire;
His nobleſt faculties, acuteſt parts,
His liberal Sciences or rareſt arts.
Nay his beſt righteouſneſs, his all in all,
Muſt be reſign'd, ſurrendred, left to fall,

Be sentenc'd, Crucified, Dispoil'd, Disgrac'd,
And at the feet of conquering Jesus plac'd;
That on its ruines, Gospel-grace may rear
A living pillar, thy new name to bear.

A Mourner's mite, towards the right Remembrance of that late Labourer in the Gospel, *Thomas Glass*, who rested from his work on earth, the 30th. day of the 7th month, 1666.

My heart with grief and pain is prest,
As over-charged in my breast:
Its struglings of a divers kind,
Perplex and intricate my mind,
Confus'd entanglement appears,
Of sence with faith, of hopes with fears.
Vicissitudes of ups and downs,
Of smiles that interfere with frowns;
As twins that mutually contend.
To bring which contest to an end,
I thought it ill to keep them pent,
But in this order give them vent.

Sense.

O that my head were as a springing well,
Mine eyes as rivers streaming down with tears:
O that I in some wilderness did dwell,
Where none might mark my sighs, my groans, my fears,
Where heart might break, for what is come to pass,
By Gods fresh breach, on my dear looking-glass.

Faith.

Hold, hold thy peace, for shame, the Lord's at hand,
Let moderation now to all appear,
Let faith for sole submission give command,
Let perfect love checque such tormenting fear,
Thy standing's founded as on a mount of brass;
What mean such out-cries for a broken Glass.

Sense.

If this my loſs were perſonal alone,
My ſin deſerves it, I ſhould bear ſuch ſtroakes;
But O methinks, I heard poor Zion groan,
'Gainſt me all day his Jealouſie thus ſmoakes;
My walls are fallen, my gates are Burnt alas,
My golden pillars are as broken Glaſs.

Faith.

Such ſhift ſevere diſpatches clad with wonder,
Bring teaching leſſons to th' obedient care,
Who waiting in the ſecret place of thunder;
Attends with ſilence, reverence, godly fear,
At leaſt how ſojourners their time ſhould paſs,
That meaſures by a running ſhaking Glaſs.

Senſe.

Hearke, hearke, how Sion ſighs as put to ſhame,
My Children ſcatter'd, plague doth thouſands ſlay;
Poor London, *undone with devouring flame,*
Diſtreſt at land, and bloody wars at Sea.
My ſtrength is not of ſtone, nor fleſh of Braſs,
Why am I broke as ſhreds, as object Glaſs?

Faith.

But what's the cauſe in this confuſed noiſe,
So few ſpeak right, few ſmite upon the thigh,
To get by heart the tabering Turtles voice,
What have I done, ah maſter is it I;
Till ſuch reflects be made expect; (*Alas!*)
A toyling milſtone for a fixing Glaſs.

Senſe.

I Captive ſit by Babel's rivers brink,
My heart even broke, my harps on willows hang;
When on poor Sions Ruines I bethink,
I cannot tune the Songs which once I ſang:
Her Heav'ns are Iron, and her Earth as braſs,
Her ſilver droſs, her diamonds as Glaſs.

Faith.

Such worldly ſorrow tends to death at length,
Not to repentance; lye not on the ground,
Take Goſpel-armour, gird thy loyns with ſtrength;
With ſearch, the troubling Achan *may be found.*

If grace prepare thee ſhoes of ſteel and braſs
Thou mayſt ſtand harping on this ſea of Glaſs,

Senſe.

The righteous periſh, good men ſnatch'd away,
The reſt leave captive! how am I bereft?
Moſt leave their ſtation, mighty men decay.
If any pleaſant picture yet be left,
Upon its Comlineſs a wind doth paſs
*Thus all my hopes daſh as a chriſtal-*Glaſs.

Faith.

Thoſe coſtly coverings likely did provoke,
To burning jealouſie when over-priz'd;
And muſt be daſht by a diſpleaſing ſtroke,
As Moſes *Serpent* when *'twas Idoliz'd:*
If that was ſtampt on as a piece of braſs,
No marvel 'tis ſo with a beauteous Glaſs.

Senſe.

Have pitty (ſaith ſhe) while I thus bemoan
My ſin's remembred, and my Son is ſlain;
More natural, to care for me was none:
How can ſuch loſſes be repayr'd again?
Who'l ſow and ſend the feet of Ox and Aſſe
Beſides all waters, as did painful Glaſs.

Faith.

Take heed, take heed, leſt fleſh be too much eye'd,
In what th' Anointing only can repair;
Broke Sicamores by Oaks may be ſupply'd:
Faln bricks by ſtones to make a building fair;
But by ſuch patching 'twill be worſe alas,
New generous wine will break old Shop-worn Glaſs

Senſe.

Alas who then ſhall live when God appears,
Who can the taſt of ſuch refining bear?
When Fire and furnace be in Sion rears;
Sinners in Sion muſt be fill'd with fear.
His eyes as flames, his feet as burning braſs,
Will melt hard Adamants as fluid Glaſs.

Faith.

The Fire indeed is hot, the breach is large,
But he ſits by to do us, make us good;

If

If one hair fall not but with ſpecial charge;
If Lillies, Sparrows have their paint and food;
If God takes care of Oxen, Birds, and graſs;
He's more concern'd in his dear precious Glaſs.

Senſe.

Ah that both Saints and ſinners could lament,
In town and country, where this Glaſs *did runn;*
The golden hours they fooliſhly miſpent:
Ere this his generation work was done.
Had we an Hiram, *ſkil'd to work in braſs,*
Jacin *and* Boaz *might be reay'd for* Glaſs,

Faith.

True, he was ſick and ſleeps, whom Jeſus lov'd,
But they who ſleep ſo ſhall do well at length:
They reſt from labours, are from ſin remov'd,
Weep not; he's gone but to renew his ſtrength:
We face to face ſhall ſee him; for, alas,
We ſaw but darkly, through that a ſlur'd Glaſs.

Senſe.

Muſt I be ſtript then of my choice attire?
To offer Iſaac, *is an heavy tryal;*
Muſt I be ſeaſon'd thus with ſalt and fire?
How hard a leſſon is this ſelf-denial?
My nailes remov'd, its weight is fail'n, alas,
Cups, flaggons, great and ſmall, all break as Glaſs.

Faith.

Take heed of murmuring when God comes down
To bind up Jewels that on earth he finds,
To raiſe and fix them in a glorious Crown:
He calls for chearful gifts, from willing-minds.
When he would have a laver made of braſs,
Mark how each daughter offer'd up her glaſs.

Senſe.

Theſe are hard ſayings; deep to deep doth call;
My fleſh begins to fail my heart to ſink;
Tis hard to feed on vinegar and gall,
To eat of aſhes, and with tears to drink:
From me, if it were poſſible, let paſs
Such deadly draughts, mixt in a breaking Glaſs.

Faith.

Faith.

Ceaſe Rachel's *weeping, hope is in thine end;*
Thy Children to their border God will bring.
He'l plead thy cauſe, thy right he will defend,
Then Kedars-*dwellers and the rocks ſhall ſing;*
Thy countenance that black and ſcorched was,
Shall ſhine in brightneſs like tranſparent Glaſs.

An Anagram and Elegy, on his dear deceaſed friend, *John Vernon*; who having ſerved his Generation by the will of God, fell aſleep the twenty ninth day of the third Month, *vulg.* called *May*, 1667.

For, Chriſt was hunted, griev'd, diſgrac'd,
With Chriſt, is In New Honour *plac'd.*

I.

COme *Sions* Mourners, men of holy skill
For lamentation, in the aſhes lie;
Come skilful mourning women, weep your fill,
Take up a wayling, help to raiſe the cry,
Till from our eyes, like Rivers, tears run down,
Though in new honour, we have loſt our Crown.

II.

Iniquities do more and more abound,
They that were filthy, will be filthy ſtill.
Heaven-daring ſins without controle are found;
With wickedneſs now doth the Ephah fill!
Saints! fill your bottle with repenting tears,
Then in new honour quickly God appears.

III.

A fixed ſeries of rebukes of late,
Like Wave on wave, diſcovers dirt and mire,
In perſons, Families, in Church and State,
No ſtone in *Sion* but is tried by fire.
All old creation things with trembling mixt,
Nought ſtands but what is in new honour fixt.

How

IV.

'Mongſt other warnings of a dreadful day
Approaching on the remnant that are left;
The Righteous fail the beſt men caught away;
Of ſenſe and feeling ſeem the reſt bereft,
How ſwift the ruines of this old world haſte,
Whilſt in new honour Saints ſo ſwift are plac'd.

V.

Amid theſe troops of fiery Chariots preſt,
The Royal Off-ſpring home to bring with ſpeed;
My heart is pain'd to undergo the teſt,
Of parting with this *Iſraelite* indeed.
Yet when I think how many are debaſing,
I durſt not grudge him in new honour placing.

VI.

But who in ſuch a ſtormy wind can part
With ſuch a Father, ſuch a Friend indeed,
And not cry out in bitterneſs of heart,
A double ſhare I of thy Spirit need?
Though carnal *Iſrael*, *Iſraels*-troubler calls thee,
Yet in new honour *Iſraels*-God inſtall thee.

VII.

Poor *England* little thinks, doth leſs bewail,
Its Chariots and beſt horſmen troop away:
When witneſſes and loud reprovers fail,
Our grand tormentors are diſpatch'd ſay they.
In open ſtreets expos'd to ſcorn ſuch lie,
Ere in new honour they be rais'd on high.

VIII.

What though (dear Soul) thy worth hath not appear'd,
But black among the pot-ſherds thou haſt lien,
Thy Viſage mar'd, thy beauty been beſmear'd,
By mingling *Sions* duſt with tears of thine.
That duſt is waſh'd, thoſe tears are wip'd away,
Since in new honour thou art call'd to ſtay.

IX.

Earth was not worthy of thee, could not bear thee,
Profane and looſe Profeſſors far'd alike; (thee,
Thy words and walks did make them fret or fear
'Gainſt thoſe defilements thou wert bent to ſtrike.

In

In base compliances thou dread'st to bow,
Wert then in shame, art *in new honour* now.

X.

Ah what a troop of weepers I descry,
Of Widows, Fatherless, Sick, Prisoners sad,
Poor, Exiles, desolate, condemn'd to die,
Shewing how they by thee were chear'd and clad.
Our loss, weep they, will scare repaired be,
Till in new honour we meet Christ with thee.

XI.

Among the Flock of Slaughter, clad with dust,
Through simpathy in Spirit oft am I;
But with *Job*'s Comforters sit mute I must,
Since grief amounts to such extremity:
His indignation, having sin'd, let's bear,
Till in new honour he our breach repair.

XII.

A trembling remnant 'mongst the rest I spy,
Of mourners, mark'd and seal'd in front and hands;
Whom Carnal Brethren casting out, do cry,
Where's now your God? our mount unshaken stands.
But to their shame he will appear at last,
When in new honour are markt mourners plac't

XIII.

For his blest chastned Houshold, left with God,
The pregnant Widow and her hopeful Seed.
Friends, Servants, Sojourners, that feel this Rod,
My flesh doth tremble and my heart doth bleed.
Through right to Christ yet raised from the dead,
Ye in new honour have a better head.

XIV.

Among these mourners should I strive to sing,
Like Vinegar on nitre it would seem;
If to their sorrows I more weight should ring,
A woful Comforter they'l me esteem, (wings,
Hast to thy mountain (Soul) with mourning
Till in new honour light from darkness springs.

XV.

But ah poor sinners! When will ye be wise?
They'r gone who did disturb your carnal peace.

But

But sins abiding, stones shall cry, and rise,
Rather then Gods contest with you shall cease.
With flames his controversie he'l renew
If in new honour ye no right pursue.

XVI.

His Prophets he no longer now imploies.
His slighted, scorn'd Ambassadours, withdraws;
But with heav'n-shaking, earth affrighting noise,
As if seven thunders spake, he pleads his cause.
Stout sinners! gird your loyns, decision's nigh;
Saints! to your Fortress, in new honour fly.

XVII.

Backsliding *England*, once professing high,
Now turning *Egipt*-ward in spight of wrath;
Thy Oaths base crouchings, deep apostacie,
To sins and vengeance flood-gates opened hath.
Turn, turn at Gods reproof, break off thy sin,
Else ne're expect nue honour stepping in.

XVIII.

Yet hope's in *Israel* still though flesh hath none;
A shelter from the storm have Saints provided,
When desolate expos'd, left most alone,
They by Gods Eye and Counsel shall be guided:
When desolations at their height begin,
Such earth-quakes usher their nue honours in.

XIX.

Then mourning, trembling, Sionists attend,
Though heart and hand grow faint, lift up your head
The *Achan*-search, the breach and gap defend,
'Twixt porch and Altar stand 'twixt quick & dead
Peace may be made (perhaps) a pardon had.
And plowed Sion in new honour clad.

XX.

Nay though this age must needs be swept away,
That *Noah*'s, *Daniel*'s, *Job*'s find no regard;
Decrees be seal'd, and men have lost their day,
Yet shall your faithful work have full reward.
Th' *Assirians* floods your peace shall not annoy,
Ye in nue Honour shall your God enjoy.

FINIS. A. C.